The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

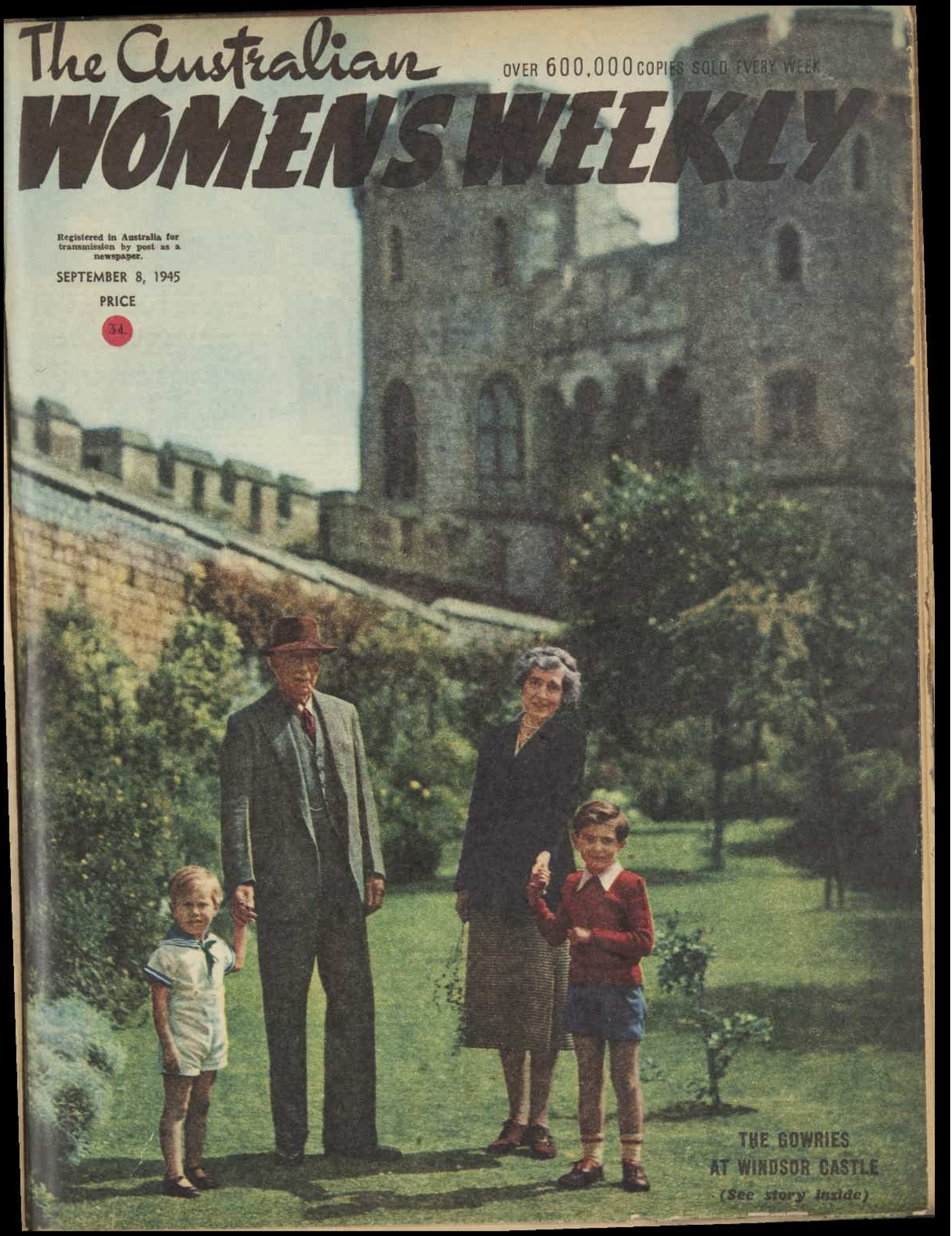
OVER 600,000 COPIES SOLD EVERY WEEK

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1945

PRICE

3d.



THE GOWRIES AT WINDSOR CASTLE

(See story inside)

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Unforgettable Day

● Every mother whose son has been decorated at Buckingham Palace must have wished she could be there on the great day. On this page is a story told by a Scottish woman, Miss Margaret Archibald, who tried to recapture every detail for Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Fry, of Newcastle. Their son, F/Lt. Charles Fry, was invested with a D.F.C. after his release from a German prison camp in May.

IN THE GRAND HALL of Buckingham Palace an officer stands waiting for his decoration to be pinned on him by the King. The Lord Chamberlain (Lord Clarendon) is beside the King.

HERE is Miss Archibald's letter: I know that you will all be eagerly looking forward to hearing of the "big" day, and as boys do not go into the same detail as womenfolk, I shall tell you, in my own way, just exactly what happened.

We arranged to meet Charlie outside the Palace on Friday morning, about 9.45.

(You will see I am starting right at the beginning, as I know you will want all the details.)

F/LT. CHARLES FRY, D.F.C., Greek Flying Cross.

Our friend, Mrs. Brown, was there before us, and just in a matter of minutes Charlie arrived, looking very smart in his suit, which he had in Germany with him, but which he had had cleaned and pressed.

We filled in our tickets and walked toward the policemen on duty at the gates. Excitement was running very high.

We walked through the forecourt and passed out of sight into the quadrangle, and straight ahead to the great marble steps, which are laid with lovely red carpet, straight ahead to more red-carpeted steps.

Here we parted company—"Decorations left, guests right."

Charlie was conducted to another room and we were piloted to our seats in the Grand Hall, or Marble Hall, as one of the ushers told me it was called when I asked.

We were fortunate, as we got into the front row, having a side-view, and all the men, as they were decorated, passed us to have their decorations boxed.

The floor is laid with the same red carpet, and the lovely old spindly looking chairs have also red covering, all in keeping.

The hall itself is very long and narrow, and round the walls are lifesize paintings of the Kings and Queens of Britain.

George II was looking down on us, looking very spruce in his curls. I could not help picturing some of the men I knew in curls!

At intervals round the hall are marble columns and statues of women on slabs of marble, all very grand, yet simple, and not in any way "outre."

We had loads of time to look round and see all we could see, and, of course, ask questions from the Home Guard, who were acting as ushers.

FIVE V.C.s, all decorated at the investiture described on this page. From left: Lieut. Basil Place, Lt.-Cmdr. Stephen Beattie, Cpl. Nicholls, Lieut. Donald Cameron, Major F. Tilston.

One man was standing close by me and I kept on asking him this and that, and he told me there were 300 decorations, including five V.C.s, and, naturally, the excitement kept rising.

The guests kept pouring in, and all the time we kept looking away toward the entrance to the hall where Charlie was, but we did not see him.

They were being lined up (queueing up there and having clips fixed to their tunics, ready to receive their medals.)

Mothers arrived with their children, and it was most amusing to see the ushers showing them to the bathroom. What a privilege of childhood to be able to say in after years, "I went to the bathroom in Buckingham Palace!"

Then we saw a high officer of the Chancery laying out all the medals on the lovely red cushions. Then the Yeomen of the Guard, in their picturesque Tudor costumes, glittering with gold braid and crusted with medals—I counted 10 on one man's breast—and their lovely old square-crowned hats, took up their stances and it was almost 11 a.m.

We then received our instructions that when the King entered we must stand and await his invitation to sit down.

Then suddenly the great doors in the centre of the hall were thrown open, and the King stepped out to a simple wooden platform, red carpeted, too.

The orchestra of the Welsh Guards was playing that day.

It played "God Save the King," and as soon as that was over, the King asked the guests to be seated.

The great moment had arrived, and, really, I think the perspiration was oozing out of every pore in my body.

The Lord Chamberlain (Lord Clarendon) read out the citations of all the V.C.s, and two very young men stepped forward.

They were Place and Cameron, who did such great work on the midget submarines in the Norwegian fjords against the Tirpitz.

They bowed to the King, took a step backward, and stood to attention — as stiffly as if they were cut out of the solid.

The citation finished with: "Their courage was supreme." One could see that the men were very embarrassed.

The King pinned on that wonderful Cross, which looks so little and means so much, spoke for a few seconds, then shook hands, and the men walked off.

Then came Beattie, of H.M.S. Campbelltown, who did such good work at St. Nazaire, and Harry Nicholls, the Grenadier Guardsman, whose V.C. was awarded to his wife (because he was believed killed), and then taken back when it was known that her husband was a prisoner.

Then such a pathetic sight, a Canadian major, without legs.

He was wheeled on to the dais, and bowed so beautifully to the King. His lovely red kilt was spread out.

I felt I wanted to cry for him, and then I thought, "What will his mother say?" Really, all hearts went out to him.

The R.A.F. being the younger Service, they came last.

Charlie's turn

AT long last the first air decoration was called, and I could see Charlie just in the doorway.

We watched him all along, till it was his turn, and up he stepped. You know the feeling—not sorrow, but resembling sorrow as mist resembles rain.

He did very well indeed: "Flight-Lieutenant Charles H. Fry, R.A.F., Middle East Command." He stepped forward, and the King asked how long he had been in the Middle East, and spoke of his Greek decoration, the ribbon of which he is wearing.

The King pinned on his Cross, shook hands, and Charlie bowed and walked off, passing us as we went to get the box for his medal.

We were both feeling very, very proud, for we were there representing you all, and I can assure you that, even if Charlie had belonged to us, we could not have been any more proud.

At 12.45, when the ceremony was over, we met Charlie in the portico, and he showed us his lovely silver cross.

We were all excited, I think, and I am sure that Charlie was glad it was all over.

We had had quite a lot of fun, for the wee children, whose fathers were being decorated, came round showing us their "Daddy's medal!"

How proud they were to show them off, and no wonder.

We were beside two ladies, the wife and sister of a captain in the Merchant Navy, who had been on convoy duty, and he was receiving his decoration.

Then a lady and gent beside Tina were seeing an Aussie get the same D.F.C. as Charlie.

It was a very wonderful ceremony, and what struck me about it was that it was all so simple and beautiful and British. There was no pomp about it, nothing foreign.

How different had it been Hitler's day! It makes one shudder.

Really, I was fair in love with all the men. They looked so splendid, and so humble. There was nothing arrogant in their bearing, but they just showed the good men they are, who felt they had done nothing out of the ordinary—and therein lies their secret.

Yes, Aunt and Uncle, we are very, very proud of Charles, only sorry you were not there.

The sun was shining in all its glory when we got outside, and Charlie took us for a nice lunch, then afternoon tea, and in the evening to see and hear Tommy Trinder.

It was an unforgettable day, one that lives for ever in one's memory.

Charlie came up home with us on the Saturday, and travelled back on the Friday, and we may not see him again. He may get home very soon.

We shall miss him, as we are missing the other boys. It has been a great experience for us to have them, and if we have helped in making their stay on this side happier, we are very happy indeed.

We may all meet again; there is no saying. We are just as keen for them to get home as you are to have them, but we shall miss them.

AMAZING AUSTRALIA
BILL BEATTY SAYS:

Memorial to an insect! Cactoblastis Hall, Boonargo, Q., erected by grateful citizens in honour of the insect that successfully combated the prickly pear menace.

With limb-like fins, the Mud Skipper of Queensland dances and skips in hundreds on the mud flats for hours at low tide. Even climb trees. Eyes are prominent and turn in all directions.

The remarkable native cherry tree has its seeds on the *outside* of the fruit.

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ADMIRALS AIN'T NO PROBLEM

By JAN FORTUNE

SPRING came to King's Point with a splash of color, and very suddenly. Judith Drake stood on her back steps and marvelled at the wonder of it.

"Why, it's picnic weather!" Judith said aloud, and wondered if Pev had noticed it this morning when he drove away to the Navy base.

We can have a hamburger fry down on the beach this after—— she thought.

A tow-headed little boy plummeted into her line of vision. This was Double Dick Richard, the Winged Mercury of the village.

"The lieutenant wants you on the phone Miz Drake."

"Oh, dear!" Judith said. "Thank you, Double Dick," and started across the common toward the one and only store and the one and only telephone. Double Dick went trotting along beside her.

The store was full of villagers waiting for the noon mail. The hum of their soft sentences stilled as Judith came in. The telephone was back in the corner of the store.

"Hello, Pev?" she called.

"Look, Baby," Pev said. "I won't be home till to-morrow night, and I want you to send for Lunny and have her stay with you. Understand?"

"Is it all right?" she shouted.

"Sure, sure," Pev boomed hurriedly. "Of course, darling. Give Double Dick a quarter to go for Lunny."

"It's garbage day!" Judith yelled back. "She'll be over!"

"Take care of yourself, sweetheart," Pev said.

"You do the same!" Judith howled back.

"See you to-morrow night, sugar!"

"Good-bye!" Judith yelled, but he had already hung up.

She bought some eggs, and crossed the common to the little house on the shore dolefully. She was feeling very sorry for herself by the time she reached her own door, so she sat down on the back steps and read herself off.

"You ought to be ashamed!" she scolded. "After all, Pev's only going to be away one night! And he's here in America now, where he can call you up even if he doesn't get home. You're a lucky Navy wife, Judith Drake, that's what!"

Double Dick was at her side again. "Telegram just come for the lieutenant," he exploded. "And Miss Thorne say mebbe so it's important so I brung it." He proffered the wire.

Judith tore open the yellow envelope, and when she had read it, she put her red head in her hands and said, "No! I can't take it!" Somebody who signed himself "Walter L. Thorpe" was coming for a visit; was coming to-day, on the four o'clock bus from Washington.

"Some of your kin folks dead?" Double Dick asked eagerly.

"Worse than that," Judith mourned through her fingers. "Oh, my stars and red garters."

Double Dick skittered round the slumped figure expectantly, hoping for further ghastly details. When none was forthcoming, he took aim and shot off across the common to spread what meagre news he had.

"I don't want visitors at all" Judith groaned aloud. "Man company I cannot cope with!" She read the wire again. There was no address given, but even if there had been, Mr. Walter L. Thorpe was undoubtedly already barrelling along the highway.

"In a house with no plumbing, what do you do with a strange man when he asks where the bathroom is?" She put her head in her hands again and wished for Lunny in a hurry.

Lunny was a tower of strength. She'd been in charge for years.

When Pev, after twenty-eight months in the South Pacific, had been given land duty at Queen's Isle, and Judith had come east to be with him, Lunny had followed. The fact that Pev's junior-grade pay did not allow a maid had made her "no nevah min's." She had got a job minding children for Dan, the colored garbage man of King's Point, so he could join the Navy; and just before Dan shoved off for sea duty Lunny had married him. Now she managed his large family over at Buzzard's Beach, ran his garbaging business, and took care of the Drake household on the side.

The garbage truck, manned by Dan's three oldest boys, with Lunny riding regally on the seat, came clattering down the alley.

Judith lifted her head and called, "Thank goodness you've come!"

"Jest a minute, honey," Lunny called as she descended. "You, Moab" — Moab was one of Dan's thirteen-year-old twins — "soon as you git done garbagin', you come back heah. Ah likely to need you to run errands."

The truck clattered away and Lunny marched on Judith regally, concern writ large upon her face.

"Dat little Double Dick say somepun awful come in a wiah." She pulled Judith up and patted her gently. "Whut wrong, honey lam'?"

"A strange man is coming to visit on the four o'clock bus . . . and Pev won't be home . . . and we haven't got a bathroom!"

"Is dat all?" Lunny was outraged. "Miss Judy, whut you mean, tellin' dat chile such a whoppah?"

"He wanted to know if somebody was dead, and I just said it was worse than that." Judith smiled ingratiatingly up at the grim face.

"Humph!" Lunny wasn't unbending in a hurry. "Adam and Eve nevah had no bathroom and dey gits along."

"Humph!" Lunny snorted again. She took off her big, yellow picture-hat and hung it on a nail. Then she tied on a voluminous apron, took up the tea-kettle, and stalked to the sink.

"Now don't gimme no moh trouble. Ah got to red up de spare room and clean some chickens and bake us a cake. Got to do Mr. Pev's company proud. Might be he's a Navy man, honey."

"Oh, I'm sure he's not," Judith said positively. "He doesn't sound Navy at all."

Walter L. Thorpe was the only passenger for King's Point, and he was a Navy man. He was a rear-admiral. Judith leaned weakly against the side of the bus station when she saw the gold braid and the stars and the red-granite look of the lean face under the shaggy white brows. The bus roared and sputtered away, and the admiral stood and looked about him expectantly.

"Is dat ouah gennulman?" Moab asked.

Judith waved her hands weakly. "I—I reckon so," she said. Moab darted forward and grabbed the handbag. The admiral looked up and saw Judith coming to him. The granite broke into a deep-cut smile.

"Are you Pev's wife?" He strode to meet her.

"Y-yes. And you must be Admiral Bathroo—— I mean, Admiral Thorpe."

"I'm Uncle Walt." The admiral took her arm. "That's what Pev always called me. Where is the young rascal? On duty?"

"He'll be here to-morrow," Judith said. "H-he's got the car. We'll have to walk. It's not far."

"Love to walk," boomed the admiral. "Good exercise." He strode along, and Moab and Judith double-timed to keep up with his long strides. The sun was warm, and walking brought out the perspiration on the admiral's brow. She wished he'd slow down. If he got too hot he'd want a bath right off.

"Sure was surprised when I learned Pev had finally married and settled down," the admiral rumbled. "Saw him in San Francisco, and he showed me your picture. Didn't do you justice, my dear! But then, the lad always had an eye for beauty. His father would be mighty proud—and relieved, too"—he chuckled as if at certain memories of Pev's gay-dog days—"if he could have lived to see you. Yes, sir, the sight of you would have taken a big load off Tom's mind." He mopped his brow with his handkerchief. He was getting very, very hot.

"We're nearly there," Judith said. "That little house on the shore with the willows."

"Beautiful place." The admiral scanned the horizon. "Land! Nice to be on it now and then for a change. Good fishing here?"

"Oh, yes, sir; wonderful fishing." They were at the front steps at last, and Lunny was holding back the door, beaming a welcome.

"Well, well, well!" the admiral boomed. "Like to get in some good fishing while I'm here." He took off his cap and mopped his whole face thoroughly.

They went in, and Lunny took the handbag and brought cold lemonade with a dash of rum. Judith watched the admiral hopefully as he sipped his drink. If only I could fan him, she thought. Anything, anything to keep his mind off bathing.

He emptied his glass, smacked his lips and looked about him appreciatively.

The admiral sniffed. "Southern cooking!" he said. "And good fishing and a fair companion. Yes, sir, land can be mighty good now and then, even when it's warm." He leaned back and loosened his collar just the merest trifle.

"Wh-why don't you get into a pair of Pev's shorts?" Judith suggested eagerly. "So's you'll be nice and cool."

"A wonderful suggestion!" He bounded up, full of energy. "That's just what I'll do. But I'll take a long cold shower first, if you'll lend me your bathroom."

Judith opened her mouth, but nothing came out of it. The admiral was waiting expectantly. She couldn't tell him—she just couldn't.

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"Such talk is against Navy regulations!" the Admiral spluttered.

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Admirals Ain't No Problem

SHAMELESSLY, she passed the buck to Lunny. "Sh-show the admiral the bath, please," she stammered, and then fled.

Her wide cool bed was a sanctuary. She stuck her red head under a pillow and stuffed her fingers in her ears. Dimly she heard Lunny's voice, and then the admiral's, then footsteps, and finally the bang of the screen door. She took her fingers out of her ears.

Lunny was calling cheerily, "So long, admiral."

"So long, Lunny, and thanks," the admiral called back.

Lunny opened the bedroom door. Her face was grim. "You kin come out now," she said. "It all ovah but de shoutin'. Ah got to ice mah cake."

Judith sat up. "So he shoved off when he found out he couldn't get a bath, did he?"

"Whut you mean, he couldn't git a bath?" Lunny's voice dripped scorn. "He takin' it right now. Ah sent him down to de crick swimmin' hole wid Moab and a towel and a cake of soap."

"You sent him to the creek?" Judith gasped. "Oh, good heavens, Lunny! He's an admiral!"

"Lookee, Miss Judith. Admirals is jest lak any othah mens. Feed 'em regular and bed 'em good, and dey ain't no problem at all."

Lunny was right. The admiral wasn't any problem. He came back from the swimming hole, very cool and in a wonderful frame of mind. "Haven't done that since I was a boy," he grinned. "Forgot how much fun it was."

They had dinner on the sun porch in soft candlelight. And they talked of Pev's father and the wonderful job Pev had done in the South Pacific.

"How'd you like a senior-grade lieutenant for the head of your family?" the admiral asked finally.

"Do you mean it?" Judith cried.

"Pev's due for a promotion," the admiral twinkled at her across the coffee cups. "That is, if he's ready for it. You know, Pev's always been pretty headstrong and stubborn—pushes orders in the face when they get in his way. Not that he isn't capable and a fine pilot, but, after all, regulations are regulations. A senior officer must be steady."

He's checking on Pev for the promotion, Judith thought. That's why he's here. Oh, Pev, darling, I've got my fingers crossed.

Next day they took a boat and rowed out into the channel. The fish struck at the drop of the fly, and they both made a good haul. The admiral went over the side for a swim in the cold green channel waters. He also cleaned the fish when they came in, and then sat round the kitchen talking while Lunny fried them. By the time for Pev to come home that evening, Judith was calling him "Uncle Walt," and was not a bit afraid of him.

Pev didn't come home that evening. He didn't come home the next morning, either, and there was no word. "He all right, honey lamb," Lunny soothed. "He all right! Now, you jest go on fishin' and don't worry."

But Judith couldn't do it. A phone call might come. Uncle Walt patted her shoulder understandingly and went fishing with Moab.

Judith sat on the back steps for hours. At last she could stand it no longer. "I think I'll go for a walk," she told Lunny.

And Lunny said noncommittally, "Yassam. Might do you some good." Lunny was worried, too, Judith knew.

She headed for the pike, and her feet were too slow for her eager desire. She wanted to run fast and find Pev, whole and well.

The car was coming over the bridge. The back seat was loaded with an ensign and a chief and a senior-grade lieutenant, who all lived on the Point and rode with Pev every day.

When they saw Judith they threw back their heads and went "Ah-woooo!" in a chorus.

Pev drew up beside her, and she saw that one side of his face was bandaged, one blue eye was almost black, and his mouth was swollen. He grinned at her crookedly from behind the gauze and opened the door.

"Home from the wars, baby, a day late," he said.

She clung to the door, staring. "Oh, Pev, you've had an accident!"

The Navy men whooped with

Continued from page 3

laughter. Pev pulled her in beside him.

"I had engine trouble," he said grimly. "And had to set her down at Atlantic City. But I'm okay."

The howls from the back seat rocked the car.

Pev shifted gears viciously. "No, I didn't!"

"Then what's the matter with your face?"

"I'll tell you when we get home, honey."

"Tell her now," said the chief. "I'd like to hear it again."

What showed of Pev's face was red with anger. "Lay off, jug-heads!" he growled., "Oh, well, all right! A dog bit me!"

"A—a dog bit you?" Judith stammered unbelievingly.

"That's his story," the ensign said. "Isn't it wonderful, Judith?"

"Indelible pencil."

Pev said doggedly, "You see, baby, after we sat down, I went into this little roadside florist shop to buy you some posies, and this big Alsatian came up—she seemed very friendly——"

"Blonde or brunette?" asked the ensign.

"And I was down beside her, petting her," Pev bit off the words, "when all at once she hauled off and ripped my face——"

"Was she mad?" Judith asked tremulously.

"No," Pev said. "Of course she wasn't mad."

"Just particular," said the ensign. They all went "Ah-woooo" again.

"Wait till you see his stomach!" the chief chortled. "Two rabies shots in it already, and twelve more to go. Now, if he'd only told the truth about who bit him he wouldn't have to walk like a bent pretzel for the next two weeks."

Pev stopped the car in front of the general store with an angry jerk. "Listen. I've had enough of your cracks. You can just thumb into the base in the morning, and I hope you're overleave!"

"He can't take it! He can't take it!" the ensign chuckled. The three men fanned out across the common toward their homes, still laughing and still howling like dogs.

Judith put her arm round Pev's neck and kissed the end of his nose gently. "Does it hurt?"

"Well, it doesn't feel good," Pev grimaced. "And my vanity is throbbing like a boil. Seven major battles without a scratch, and I have to get dog-bit in Atlantic City! That ah-wooooing has been going on all day. I'm a marked man at the base."

"Poor dear," Judith soothed. Then she giggled. "But it is funny."

"So I've heard," Pev said grimly.

The car slid up the drive, and Pev turned off the motor. Lunny was busily preparing dinner in the kitchen. Her voice came to them above the clatter. "Dat new bombah's motahs ain't no good. Dey conk out ovah Atlantic City and Mr. Pev had to set her down. But is he hurt or not, Ah don't know till jest a little while ago, so Ah ain't tole Miss Judy yit."

"How did you come to find out about the bomber?" the admiral demanded.

"Miz Captain Griggses' maid tole me—she a Navy wife, too."

"Idle gossip about military secrets!" the admiral snapped. "You women know better!"

"Is ouah mens hurt or not ain't idle gossip!" Lunny said.

"The Navy would notify you of that in due time."

"Due time ain't soon enough when we's worryin'," Lunny insisted.

"Such talk is against Navy regulations!" the admiral sputtered.

"Now, lookee, admiral," Lunny said firmly. "De Navy kin regulate its mens till dey's black in de face, but dey jest nacherally wastin' dere time wid us womens. Regulations don't make us no nevah min's when we's worried."

Pev was staring at Judith wildly with his one good eye. "Admiral?" he croaked. "What's an admiral doing in our kitchen?"

"It's Uncle Walt," Judith said. "He came Tuesday."

"Oh, my gosh!" Pev put his hand up to the bandages. "If he finds out! Every gold braid in the fleet will be laughing! I'd rather face a firing squad any day. Judith, don't tell him a dog bit me."

JUDITH said soothingly, "I won't tell him. Of course I won't."

"Cross your heart?"

Solemnly, she crossed her heart. "But you'll have to tell him something!"

"I got in a fight," Pev said. "How's that?"

"It doesn't sound so very steady, darling." Judith was thinking about the promotion.

"It sounds steadier than a dog bite," Pev said.

The admiral had partially recovered from Lunny's broadside. He said bitingly, "Since you and Mrs. Captain Griggses' maid seem to have so much inside information, perhaps you also know who's to blame for this Atlantic City mess?"

"Well, Mr. Pev ain't!" Lunny sounded bristling and belligerent.

"Come on," Judith giggled, scrambling out of the car. "Let's go in quick, before she throws Uncle Walt in the brig."

Things didn't go so well from the start. Uncle Walt, despite his swim trunks, was warm and upset-looking from his tiff with Lunny, and Pev's evasive answers about what had happened to the bomber and his face didn't act as oil on troubled waters. An air of restraint fell upon the little household.

Judith did her best to recapture the gay, comradely mood she had been sharing with Uncle Walt, but somehow it evaded her.

Matters weren't helped any when the ensign and the S.G. tramped by on their way to the public beach. When they saw Pev, they threw back their heads and went "Ah-wooo!" again; and then the ensign yelled familiarly over to Uncle Walt, "Hey, Mac! Who did he tell you bit him in Atlantic City?"

Pev shot a horrified look at Judith. "Pipe down, you guys!" he growled warningly.

"It was a blonde," said the S.G. positively. They went on down the beach, chortling with glee.

"Think they're funny!" Pev grinned feebly at Uncle Walt.

Uncle Walt said, "Humph!" and looked hard at Pev's face. Then, after a silence, "You and I must have a long talk, my boy."

"Yes, sir," Pev said.

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as an English Spring....

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AND YET I LOVE HER

By DOROTHY BLACK

FORCED by her mother at seventeen to renounce her real love, penniless ship's officer PEREGRINE GAIRLOCH, and marry wealthy DAN CAREY instead, MARA CAREY, now widowed, meets Peregrine again under extraordinary circumstances six years later.

When illness forces PHILLIP DEAN, manager of the Bassein Rice Company, to remain with his wife NANCY in Rangoon after Pearl Harbor, Mara, meeting them during a chance visit to the East, offers to go to Bassein to collect their little son DICKIE.

The only available ship is a cargo vessel. Sandy, the first officer, receives Mara hospitably, but the captain proves to be Peregrine. He is bitterly hostile to Mara, and the trip promises to become still more difficult after she brings Dickie aboard at Bassein.

NOW READ ON—

WHEN Dickie got over the anguish of parting with his friends, which, it seemed to Mara, he did in an astoundingly short time, he became interested in his surroundings. The ship's bathroom, their cabin with the small mosquito-nets fastened round the bunks, and the ship's biscuits that appeared for his supper, were all very new and intriguing.

Finally, when Sandy, carrying his gramophone, came down the ladder, all misery departed, and Dickie was his quicksilver self once more.

The thin tunes rang out, getting scratchier each time they were played. Dickie stood in his white cotton sleeping-suit, his curls damp after bathing, an enchanting, rather elfin figure. For the first time Mara found herself wishing that he was really her boy.

Then she smiled. Both Sandy and Peregrine still imagined he was! Before she could do anything about it, Sandy plunged headlong into the bachelor's pitfall.

"It's a wonderful thing how like you he is," said Sandy.

"It would be an absolute miracle," she laughed, "if it were true, Sandy, for the two of us never set eyes on each other until yesterday."

He stopped short and stared at her in utter amazement.

"Then—he's no your laddie at all?"

"Not in any way whatever. You might break that news to the captain, will you? He was very rude about the way I had brought Dickie up—and of course I had no hand at all in the business."

"And you mean to say you've come all this way—at a time like this, and taken the risk of it, for someone else's child?"

"His mother is a friend of mine," she said, simply.

"Well, well," said Sandy, much touched, words failing him. Then the gramophone, reaching one of those mechanical crises common to it, hiccuped loudly and said: "Find-a-way-find-a-way-find-a-way," over and over, and set them all three laughing.

After that Mara put Dickie to bed, which he found quite enchanting.

"Look at me going to bed on a shelf, Mara. Isn't it fun? Shall you go to bed on the other shelf? Can I come on your shelf in the morning and have the sugar out of your cup?"

She tucked him in and kissed him, a little astonished by the fact that he never once alluded to Perdi, or any of his other lost friends. If all his sorrows were as quickly forgotten, thought Mara, it wouldn't be so bad.

Sandy was leaning over the rail when she went back on to the deck.

"How is the captain?" she asked, abruptly.

"He's better. I wouldn't know what was wrong with him this time. In Bassein there's no place a man can beat it up, that side of the river. It looked to me like there was something on his mind, and he'd gone ashore to walk it off and think it out, and someone hit him on the head and tried to rob him."

He dropped his voice. "I've been wondering did he get any news—bad news maybe that he hasn't been telling any of us?"

Mara remembered wryly how she had put a personal explanation upon Peregrine's behaviour. She had to own that Sandy's solution was the more likely.

"I'll need to be telling him that it's not your laddie," said Sandy. "And there was I, saying isn't he the dead spit of his mother, an' all. I'm awful short of small talk, and it just seemed to fill a wee gap."

Peregrine did not appear until lunch next day. By that time Dickie was quite at home on the ship, had made great friends with Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and discovered the latter owned a canary. There did not seem to Mara to be much about a canary on which to found a friendship, but Dickie appeared to be passionately drawn to the bird, which was already looking at him with a thoughtful eye.

Acting on her plan to keep the captain and his youngest passenger apart as much as possible, Mara had given Dickie his lunch early on deck, and put him to rest in the cabin.

"I hear the child is not your property," said Peregrine, not looking at her. There was a sort of faint surprise in his voice, and she knew it was because he had not expected her to do anything so disinterested.

"No."

"He's got a pretty violent temper."

"You might have let him have his monkey. It wouldn't have been much trouble."

"I have quite sufficient unexpected cargo on this ship," he said dryly. "Where are the child's parents?"

"In Rangoon." She gave him a brief outline of Nancy and Phillip and their problem. He listened in silence. In rather incredulous silence.

"You mean to tell me that's all you knew of the mother—a casual acquaintanceship in a hotel!"

"It was quite enough. They were in desperate trouble."

He looked at her in a puzzled sort of way, his hard eyes half closed. She wondered what he would say if she told him what had happened the previous night? If he thought about it at all, he thought it was just a dream, born of fever. "I've dreamed this so often before," he had said . . . The color flooded her face, remembering that. She thought, frightened:

He stopped, amazed to find that the girl and child were sleeping on the deck.

With me, it has never changed at all. The memory of that kiss was like a warm hand closing round her heart.

It would be better to get off this ship as soon as she could away from this man whom she still loved, but who would have none of her.

She hoped he would go back on to the bridge, and leave her with Sandy.

But it was Sandy who presently stretched his arms above his head, looked at his wrist-watch, and said: "Well, I'm away." Peregrine remained standing for a moment with his back to her, looking along the searchlight's beam. The last thing she wanted was a tete-a-tete with him. She got up, and moved toward her cabin.

"Come here." His voice broke the silence sharply.

She was so surprised that she obeyed him automatically.

"Look at me," he commanded.

Now she was just bewildered. She stood hesitating, half afraid.

"What is it? What do you want?" she asked at last, since he said nothing.

"I want you to take a good look at the wreck you are responsible for."

Continuing our romantic serial

His words were so unexpected, they took her breath away for a moment.

"I don't know what you mean," she said at length.

"You know well enough, though maybe you prefer to shelve the knowledge. When last you saw me I was rather a promising young fellow. The company, you may remember, thought a lot of me. One day I intended to be Commodore of the Fleet. Now I'm a broken-down skipper on the cargo run. Do you know what happened?"

She said nothing. She felt sick and cold and frightened.

"I'll tell you what happened. A little gold-digger amused herself with me. Led me up the garden path. Opened heaven for me, so that, like Caliban, another poor silly beast—when he awoke, he cried to dream again."

"Perry, please."

"Don't call me that. Nobody has ever called me that since. I am generally known as Captain Gairloch. Though captain only of a second-rate cargo ship, these days."

"Captain Gairloch, please listen."

"I got you here to listen to me. After you went off with your millionaire, all I cared about was forgetting. And believe me, I forgot everything. Even the time the ship sailed."

"Surely you aren't trying to blame me . . ." she began. He laughed shortly.

"After you left me my life was like an empty room. A man cannot live alone in an empty room, Mrs. Carey. I have often wanted to see you again, to show you what it was you did. For I wasn't the kind of man who understood that sort of thing. Green, I was. I thought women meant what they said."

"Please listen to me."

"It does a man no good in his career when he starts missing ships, when he goes round half bemused and doesn't seem to hear what people say to him. When he forgets orders."

She said, very low: "It's not fair."

"You'd be quite surprised if you knew to what depths I went to try and forget you. What strange cures I tried."

"And you blame me."

"I wasn't the kind. I wasn't that sort, till I met you. I was ambitious. I meant to get on. A bit of a prig, I was, probably. I had such fine ideas. I didn't drink and nothing would have induced me to let a pal down in those days."

It was useless trying to talk to him. He would not listen. He's crazy she thought, afraid. His hard eyes burned in the darkness. He just went on talking, taking no notice of anything she said.

"Do you remember Karn? He got the job I wanted. He's been knighted since. Captain Giles Karn, Commodore of the Fleet. The company's white-haired boy." He took out his pipe and crammed tobacco into it. "For a long time I tried to delude myself that I had forgotten you, scored you off. But Fate has thrown us together again in this odd manner . . . I don't know."

He spoke as if half to himself.

She said, sharply: "Well, it won't be for long. Another day and you'll be rid of us. When we get to Rangoon, you can complete the good work of scoring me off."

He laughed, and now there was something in his tone that turned her cold, and her hand flew to her throat.

"That's where you're wrong, Mrs. Carey," he said softly. "That's what I really came down to tell you. Rangoon has fallen. I've had orders to proceed with my ship to Colombo. So it looks as if we would be shipmates for some time to come."

She sat down, her knees suddenly too weak to support her.

"The Japs have gone in, and presumably all the white folk have been evacuated. Those who haven't——" He shrugged his shoulders.

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Basic Ideas for post-war kitchens...

KITCHEN WITH A FUTURE

See how we have given that old-time kitchen a brand-new lease of life. First the old-type stove is replaced by a modern Hotpoint electric range to give fast, clean, cool, economical cooking all the time; out comes the sink and in goes a combination Hotpoint dishwasher and sink to take care of the worst of all kitchen tasks; a Hotpoint refrigerator is added to keep foods fresh and provide fast, thrifty freezing. Next the fittings are tackled—simple, modern, roomy cupboards arranged so that everything is where you need it, when you need it; ample working space is provided in just the right places—note the corners on either side of the dishwasher, giving extra room and convenience. Then a fresh coat of paint from top to toe to make the whole kitchen bright, cheerful and easy to live in. Finally, a ceiling light is added, and a G.E. Telechron electric clock so that meals will always be on time. ☆

In addition to the appliances mentioned above there will be Hotpoint food-mixers, irons, coffee percolators, toasters, hot water jugs and hot water systems for your post-war kitchen. Provided your basic kitchen plan is correct, appliances can be added step by step as required.

If you think attractive, labour-saving, post-war kitchens can only be installed in new homes, take a look at the example illustrated here and see just what can be done with any kitchen—old or new.

There are three *"musts"* for every modern kitchen—modern electrical appliances and sufficient power points to give you convenience, economy and efficiency . . . ample storage and working space to save time, labour and unnecessary steps . . . attractive colour scheme and accessories to reflect your own personality and make it a room that is really yours. Most important of all, however, is the way in which you arrange these items — your kitchen plan. Kitchens come in all shapes and sizes, and for every one you can find the ideal arrangement if you follow the basic rules. Convenience is everything; the sink should be placed between the range and the refrigerator; working surfaces should be included beside each of these units; there should be a food preparation centre beside the refrigerator or, if that is not possible, beside the range; food and utensils should be stored nearest the place of use — within arm's reach whenever possible.

Here is where you can start your own post-war planning now. Take a paper and pencil, or, better still, a box of coloured chalks, and apply these basic rules to your own kitchen; you will get lots of fun out of it, and when electrical appliances, kitchen fittings and materials for decoration are available again you will be ready to take the first step towards equipping your post-war kitchen. Give your kitchen a future by starting to plan it now!

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A SHORT SHOW FOR ALBERT

With a pretty Waaf's whims, and a helicopter's tricks, Albert suddenly found life just a little too hectic.

"I'd like you a lot more with wings," Daisy told Albert emphatically.

By ARCH WHITEHOUSE

SERGEANT ALBERT NETTLEBED, D.F.M., withered under the verbal lashing of Corporal Daisy Dugdale. "Eighteen months now you've been a sergeant," Miss Dugdale barked over the clatter of the canteen conversation. "I should think you'd want to get on a bit faster than that!"

"I don't want to get on. I want to go home!" argued Albert.

"Don't you want to become a pilot?" the Waaf corporal blabbed at him.

"Me, a pilot!" Albert whispered aghast. "I can 'ardly ride a bike!"

Corporal Dugdale shot Albert through with her best charge of disdain. She'd won the W.A.A.F. challenge shield for the best drilled platoon of cooks and waitresses in the bomber command. Now she was determined to make something of Albert.

"Look here," said Miss Dugdale, pushing her glass to one side. "We hear a lot of things in the dining-room, and I hear that there has been a new request for pilots, and them who have been gunners . . . like you, can volunteer for pilot training."

"Don't you like me any more?" Sergeant Nettlebed inquired.

"I'd like you a lot more with wings," the young amazon declared, "so first thing in the morning you're going to see the adjutant . . ."

A mild state of consternation reigned the next morning when Sergeant Nettlebed bearded Wing-Commander Beresford-Marsden in his den. The C.O. listened as the words scrawched out of Albert like something out of a warped phonograph record,

". . . and I think it's about time I got a chance at pilot training," Albert continued, having been carefully coached in his lines the night before.

"You know, Cuttlebone," the Wing-Commander broke in.

"Nettlebed," corrected Albert.

"Ah, Nettlebed, of course," Beresford-Marsden agreed, and lighted his pipe to gain time. "This is highly irregular, of course. Should have made this request through the proper channels."

"I'm sorry, sir," floundered Albert. "But you see, I want to become a pilot. I want a change——"

"Here! Wait a minute, Cockleshell." The C.O. rifled through a stack of papers in a wire basket. "Do you really want a change? I can send you as a gunner . . ."

"I was thinking about a pilot, sir."

"That's quite all right. You'll probably wind up a pilot."

Albert made little sense of the Wing's subsequent explanations. It was all tangled up with transports, some concern about submarines, and the fact that he was entitled to a change. All that emerged clearly was that he would soon report aboard some ship or other called Goodwick.

Before the week was out Albert found himself treading the breakwater at Fishguard seeking the Goodwick. At the office of the old Rossiare Steam Packet Company he collided with a fussy R.T.O., who directed him to a small quay and a rusty-looking merchantman about which a crew of baggy workmen was loading a strange contraption.

"Wot's that?" demanded Albert as he stared up at the device perched on an elevated platform built over the stern quarter.

"You ought to know. You're a'goin' to fly it, ain't ye?" a seaman responded.

Albert put his kitbag down. "Fly it? Does it fly?"

"They call it a . . . heller—heller-heller-cop-it-er," the seaman said.

"Looks like you would—in a thing like that," Albert concluded, sensing that Fate had dealt him the usual hand.

A young flight-lieutenant met Albert at the top of the gangplank.

"Are you Nettlebed?" he inquired.

Albert saluted.

"Come along then. What have you been up to, getting ticked for this?"

"Nothink! I just put in an application to become a pilot."

Flight-Lieutenant Bacon stopped half-way along the deck. He looked Albert over again and mentally pigeonholed him as a ropy type some squadron-leader had palmed off on him.

"Do you know what you've drawn?" he inquired of Albert.

"A heller . . .?" Albert stammered.

"You're right it is!" the flight-loot agreed. "We're supposed to hunt U-boats in it."

"Who . . . us?" Sergeant Nettlebed gagged. "But I thought I was being sent here to train as a pilot."

"You've been taken down the garden path, Sergeant," Flight-Lieutenant Bacon explained with fuzzy finality. "You're a gunner aboard a helicopter; but you'll become a pilot all right, because I'm going to show you how to fly it."

"OO-er!" quaked Albert.

"I might as well put you right to start with," Bacon began fumbling for a cigarette.

"But I'm only a gunner, Sir. I 'aven't 'ad any flight training."

"You're lucky! I'm a blooming flight-loot and all I did was to let a Waaf fly a bomber. We were going on all right, too—until she bunged it into a balloon. Just for that, I get this." He sighed dismally.

"Hundred and twelve operational shows!" Bacon went on, "and now I'm put on a helicopter to chase subs. Depth charges and messing about with submarines, mind you. Are you sure you haven't pranged something?"

"All I did was to arsk for pilot training, Sir."

"That won't take long. I can teach you to fly that egg-beater in ten minutes."

Two mornings later, the merchantmen were strung out across a vast area of white-capped sea, paced by two doughty destroyers.

On board the Goodwick Flight-Lieutenant Bacon appeared near the helicopter's platform and began an earnest conversation with a flight-sergeant and an aircraftman helper. Albert stood off in the background, fumbling with his Mae West and parachute.

"Well, let's give the fleet a treat," Bacon said glumly, turning toward Albert. "You all ready, Sergeant?"

"I think so, Sir. Let's show 'em."

"I'll show you, and then you can show 'em," Bacon growled.

"Are you ready, Sir?" the flight-sergeant inquired.

"Wind her up while we climb into our kit."

They clambered into their rompers, which included a seat-pack rubber dinghy. Bacon slipped a pair of headphones over his cap and completed his get-up with a pair of lightweight gloves.

"Don't we need flying-suits?" inquired Albert.

"What for? You'll wish you had a panama and a parasol as soon as the sun comes out."

They climbed in and Bacon jacked his headphones into the radio set behind his seat. The helicopter was released from the holding-down cleats and began to bounce lightly on her pontoons.

"There's really nothing to it," Bacon said airily. "Look, you just shove the throttle up . . . and there you are!"

To Albert's amazement, up she went. In a few seconds, they were fluttering above the milky stern froth of the Goodwick.

Eventually the machine skithered sideways, and moved along parallel with the course of the merchantman.

"It flies sideways!" gasped Albert. "Giddy, I calls it!"

"That's all there is to it," the flight-loot persisted. "Anything you want to do; just keep pushing or pulling things until she does it. I should have started that Waaf out on this."

Bacon slipped out from behind the control, and at an altitude roughly equal to the height of the convoy jack-staffs ordered Albert to take over.

"Try to fly her to that destroyer over there," he encouraged.

Albert squatted gingerly behind the cow-horn control column. He fiddled uncertainly with the bits and pieces until he had gathered in a general sort of way how it all worked. In a few minutes he had guided it through a series of heavy-handed banks and canters, to a position above and alongside a destroyer that was knifing its way through the sun-gilded rollers.

"Here! Take it easy a minute," warned Bacon, showing a new standard of interest. "Doesn't that say H-37 on the side of that destroyer?"

"As clear as day, Sir," answered Albert.

"Why, that's the Garland!" Bacon cackled. "That's Prattle Tichbun's ship."

"I hopes they recognise us, Sir," Albert added as the helicopter rattled its rotors before the startled members of the deck crew. A hunched figure in a hooded convoy coat came to the wing of the bridge, stared across at the whirling apparition and fumbled for his binoculars.

"That looks like Prattle on the bridge now," beamed Bacon. "Ease back a bit, Nettlebed. I'm going down to have a look."

"But you're 'avin' a look, Sir!" argued Albert getting the first twinges of suspicion.

"Just pull back a bit on that control. That's it," Bacon ordered, and opened the compartment door slightly. "Just put her over that aft gun-turret. I think I'll go down and look old Prattle up."

"You . . . mean, Sir?" quaked Albert.

Bacon jerked impatiently at the control and trampled all over Albert's feet until the helicopter swished and grated into a position a few feet above the Garland's aft gun-turret. Twisting in his seat, the flight-lieutenant kicked a length of light rope-ladder out of the door and began preparation for his departure.

"I'll go and look Prattle up," Bacon said again. "Just hold her heading in gently and then buzz-off and have a bit of patrol."

In a few minutes Albert was alone, utterly alone, with three whirling rotor-vanes slicing-out tremendous discs of the atmosphere above him.

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RETURN TO YOUTH

By Matt Taylor

"Every once in a while, you look older than seventeen," she said.

IN the smart men's shop on the Madison Avenue corner, the clerk eyed the boy who came toward him. "We only carry officers' equipment here," he said. "You'll find Army and Navy stores on Sixth Avenue."

The boy with the corporal's chevrons frowned. "Did I say what I wanted?" he asked. "I want a suit of civvies. And a camel's-hair overcoat with a belt all the way round."

The clerk still hesitated.

"Look," the boy said. "Do I buy the stuff here or somewhere else?"

It was an unreasonable anger and he was ashamed as soon as he had shown it. But he was in no mood to make explanations. If they thought he was running out, let them call the M.P.s and he would show his papers. It wasn't anyone else's business and he didn't want to talk about it.

"Sorry, mister," he said to the clerk. "I suppose it does seem funny to you. But——"

"No need to explain, Corporal." The clerk glanced quickly at the ribbons on the boy's chest.

An hour later, in civilian clothes, he surveyed himself before the triple mirror in the men's shop. No one could tell, he thought. His skin was deeply tanned, but he could have brought that back from Florida beaches as well as Italian hillsides. His hands were rough and hardened, but he might have worked as a farm helper last summer. And when he smiled—and he tried it before the mirror while the clerk was bent over his sales pad—he was just another high-school junior, an oversized young athlete in prep-style clothes, a seventeen - year - older enjoying life while he could, because for him the war had not yet begun.

Actually, his seventeenth birthday was still a month away. Yet he was a veteran with twenty months of service and two campaigns behind him. He had run off and enlisted when he was fifteen, claiming to be eighteen. He had been large for his age, and they'd been willing enough to believe him.

The clerk finished scribbling on his pad. "You look a lot younger," he said.

"I feel about the same," the boy said, still before the mirror.

He nodded at the boy and smiled encouragingly. He had been nineteen himself when he came out of the last war, and he remembered. "You'll have to get used to a lot of things, all over again."

The boy's eyebrows came down and his eyes glowed. "Maybe," he said. "We'll see."

He took his change and walked out, carrying the loaded bag.

It had taken them a year and a half to find him out. And when they had, and the proof of his true age had gone through to Washington, his discharge was automatic. So now he was back, facing—what was it, exactly, that he was facing? He stared through the waiting-room window at the New York crowds. From fifteen to seventeen you change from boy to man in easy stages—but not in the Army, in a combat unit. Manhood is thrown at you suddenly for you to accept or refuse. And if you accept, as he had, you almost forgot you ever were a boy.

I hope that clerk was right, he thought. I hope I can get used to being my age.

The giant bus was waiting, but he stood outside smoking until the last minute. When he finally climbed aboard there were only a few vacant seats. He looked over the crowd and picked a place across the aisle from a slim, grey-eyed girl whose golden-bronze hair fell in rippling curves to her shoulders.

She was reading intently, and he could study her unhurriedly. She was about his age, but he felt he was looking at a child. She was what he had missed when he had lied himself into the Army. He wasn't sorry for what he had done—but at the same time he could be sorry for what he had missed. A magazine slid off her lap as the bus stopped suddenly at the change of a light. He picked it up for her, and their eyes met and she smiled.

He could have spoken to her then, but he didn't. What would there be to talk about? If she were older, yes. He had known older girls during his training period; they were the only girls he had ever known, and they were different. This girl was a high-school kid travelling alone to somewhere. She was too young; she would talk like a kid, talk high-school talk, and expect him to understand. She was his age, but another generation. He felt suddenly very much alone, and he knew a loneliness such as he had never known in all the months he had been in uniform.

The bus left the city behind and roared along the broad highway. When they had gone about sixty miles they ran into the storm. Their speed slackened and the snow became tightly packed on the road within an hour.

When they drew up at the corner restaurant in the small town for their scheduled stop, a State trooper was waiting. The boy sipped hot coffee at the counter and watched the trooper and the driver of the bus as they whispered together.

It was the trooper who told them the news. The storm was much worse upstate. The bus couldn't possibly go through. The restaurant would be kept open and warm all night for those who didn't mind waiting on benches. And for those who wanted beds, there were plenty of rooms in town.

In twos and threes, the passengers drifted off to find lodging. Outside, it was already dark and the road lights gleamed feebly. The boy waited until the girl left with two other women, and then followed behind. The women turned into a square white house where already a man was shovelling a path to the door.

"We can only take three here," he said. "You try next door, bud. They'll take care of you there."

The boy nodded and trudged on. In the adjoining house he found a warm, pleasant room and a friendly woman, who served a hot meal.

He pushed back his chair after his second cup of coffee. "It's not much of a night," he said, "but I think I'll look over the town."

"There's the movie house," the woman said. "And it's Friday, so there'll be a game at the high school."

"Game?"

"Basketball. And dancing afterward. The school band plays. All the young people your age go."

The boy thanked her and put on his coat. He walked a block, his head down against the wind, to the corner restaurant. Here the stores and the movie theatre clustered for a block, and beyond them were the square white houses again. He stepped back into the protection of the restaurant doorway and watched the groups of boys and girls as they pushed their way through the storm.

It had been this way back home, he thought, and once more he felt a loneliness that did not belong to his years.

When he saw the girl from the bus coming toward him alone, the idea struck him. He wanted, this night, to pretend that nothing had changed. He stepped forward to meet her. "Hello," he said. "I'm your fellow traveller. Remember?"

She nodded brightly. "Of course. Do you like being stranded?"

"I could have picked a livelier spot."

"But it's nice," she protested. "I grew up in a little town like this."

"That is," he said, smiling at her, "if you are grown up."

She laughed lightly. "I'm probably as old as you. Are you still an infant?"

"I'm different. I——" He ended abruptly. He didn't want to tell her, or anyone. Not to-night at least. A boy and girl passed; they were talking school gossip excitedly. "Look. Do you have to go right back to that house where you're staying?"

"I don't suppose so. I just sent a wire to my mother in Buffalo. That's all I planned to do."

"Then we might see the town together, if you want," he said. "There's a soda store across the street that looks like a village hangout. We could start from there." He looked at her anxiously. It was more important than she knew. Now was the time to find out if it would be the same. "Will you?" he said.

She smiled and nodded. The store was small and warm, and the air sweet with the smell of chocolate. The boy sat down across from the girl and took out his cigarettes. He lighted one carefully and looked round, and again his mind went back beyond the interlude of war.

"This sort of thing," he said, "belongs to kids."

"Goodness! The old gentleman's speaking again!"

"I'm not quite seventeen. But sometimes I feel a lot older than kids my age. Do you ever feel that way?"

"Lots of times." She smiled and shook her head quickly. "I don't to-night, though."

"I don't either, to-night. I don't want to feel that way to-night."

A short, plump woman in white stood beside them. "You folks going to the game?" she asked. "You haven't much time."

They walked swiftly, her arm linked through his, against the swirling snow. Ahead the lights of the high-school gym. gleamed with a friendly warmth.

"Hope we're not late," he said, and hurried her through the door.

The ample gymnasium swarmed with youngsters and the air was filled with a thousand voices.

They found seats as a whistle blew and the floor cleared. The teams came running through the locker-room door. The boy settled back in his seat and smiled at the girl beside him.

"I'm for the kids with the blue stripe on their trunks," he said eagerly.

The girl nodded. "I'm for them, too. They're the home team."

The tumult never stopped throughout the first half. The second half began, and the score mounted evenly until, toward the end, no one was sitting down any more. They were on their feet, screaming to their team to come through and win in the final minute. And when finally the home team did exactly that, a wild frenzy seized everyone, the vanquished as well as the victors. It mounted to a climax and died with amazing abruptness when the whistle ended the game.

Please turn to page 10

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726482

Evacuated nuns and girls return to mission

Nuns and girl pupils at a mission on an island off the north coast of Australia, evacuated during the Japanese drive south, have returned to their home.

LAC B. A. Bennett, R.A.A.F., tells of his visit to the mission, in a letter to his mother, Mrs. I. A. Bennett, 42 Darling St., South Yarra, Melbourne.

"I HAVE just had a couple of days at the Roman Catholic mission next to us, where I had the job of installing a dual-wave battery wireless set, fixing up the aerial, earth, and extension.

"The mission is for half-castes and other odd shades, and the nuns and girls have just returned after evacuation to South Australia.

"There are three nuns, and 89 altogether at the mission. The children range from a pair of twins 10 weeks old to girls of 16 years old.

"The nuns took the twins at Alice Springs on the way up north. Their mother had died.

"We noticed some children two or three years old playing about and Mother Mary spoke to one she called Margaret, who was just off-white.

"I asked where Margaret came from and the answer was, 'She was found in a box in the creek-bed at Alice Springs, when 10 days old, by some half-castes, who took her to the hospital. We took her from there. Many of the others have strange stories, too.'

"One little boy, Jimmy Matsimoto, half-Jap and half-black apparently, was pointed out with the information, 'His father's interned.'

"The half-castes consider themselves above the blacks. We asked one of the boys, about 10 years old, if he would climb a tree to put up an aerial for us. 'No, ask one of the black boys,' he said.

"He was just off-black himself."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

MESSING STAFF of an R.A.A.F. Airfield Construction Wing, which took part in the assault on Labuan Island, enjoying a cup of tea about an hour after landing. Sent by LAC Drummond to Miss J. Weatherald, 57 Dudley St., Semaphore, S.A.

Return To Youth

Continued from page 9

ALMOST immediately the audience surged over the gymnasium floor. Then came brassy and uncertain dance music. The boy danced with the girl, studying the steps of those about him, for he hadn't cared enough to learn when he was fifteen. She fell into his uncertain rhythm easily, and he looked down at her admiringly. "You can make even me dance," he said. "You must dance a lot."

"You're doing all right," she said. "Yes, I dance quite a bit."

"The school glamor girl?"

She shook her head quickly. "Not that," she said. "But I dance a lot, anyway."

And suddenly the music ended. There was no appeal for more. The horns and the drums were stowed away; the school janitor stood by the door, eyeing the crowd impatiently.

"That's that," the girl said. "I guess we've seen the town."

He shook his head. "Not yet. They'll jam up that soda store."

The store was filled to overflowing when the boy and girl reached there. The boy elbowed his way to the counter and came back, triumphant, with hot chocolate. Before the girl had finished the crowd thinned out.

"It's almost eleven-thirty," the plump woman told them. "We'll have to close soon."

Outside the snow was soft underfoot. The wind had died and the sky was clear and star-studded. Through the night, from far off, came the voices of boys and girls as the groups separated and called their last good-nights.

They turned into the cleanly shovelled walk, and mounted the porch steps. He took both her hands in his and smiled. To-night showed it could happen, he thought. He could go back to a normal life.

It might not last. The memory of all he had seen and known might come back and make him old again. But to-night he was like any other chap of seventeen, here on the porch steps with his girl.

"I should go in now," the girl said, breaking in on his thoughts. Then she added, "Why do you stare like that sometimes?"

He laughed lightly. "Am I staring? Maybe I was thinking how much I'd like to kiss you."

"Every once in a while, you look older than seventeen," she said. "Much older."

"I'm not, though," he said quickly. His voice softened again. "Can I kiss you good-night?"

He kissed her, and it was not like the other times when he had been a grown man, a soldier on leave, and had kissed older girls. There was tenderness in it—more tenderness than he knew he had to give.

"Good-night," she said. "And thank you."

"It was good fun," he said. "It was a million laughs."

"It was the best time I've ever had in my life," she said.

Surprise stiffened him. It was more than what she said. It was the difference in her voice. "You're kidding," he said. "A girl like you—in your home town you must be the most popular kid in school!"

"I haven't any home town, really," she said. "Not any more. I told you I danced a lot. I do—professionally. My mother trained me for it. It meant moving round these last few years. You have to start young to break in. I've been doing a specialty in a small club in New York. It's exciting. But the people you meet are older and—and different."

"Yes," he said softly. "I know."

"And I missed all this," she went on. "Things like to-night. I missed that sort of good times most kids have."

He stepped closer to her, smiling. You and me both, he thought. We missed a lot. But maybe we can go back together and find some of it. You'll understand about me, and I'll understand about you.

"You're staring again," she said. "You look as though——"

HE put his hands on her shoulders, pressed gently, and stepped back. "Good-night," he said gaily. "I'll see you to-morrow."

He ran lightly down the steps and broke a path through the snow-covered lawn. Later, when he was in his room he watched the light in the window of the house next door until it went out. Then he lay in bed, thinking of the girl and their evening—the game, the dancing, the good-night kiss; thinking, too, of the days ahead, and the good times they would have together, and how he'd never feel quite alone and left out again, because he had found someone—someone his own age—who would understand.

(Copyright)

I hated my Mother-in-law!

I felt she was trying to break up my marriage

Tired and Nervy!

If you wake tired and become more tired as the day drags on. If you find it hard to concentrate . . . get irritable and lose your temper over trivial things . . . then remember those symptoms can usually be traced back to the fact that your sleep isn't doing you any real good. You must replace energy lost during sleep. That means a cup of hot Horlicks just before bed. After Horlicks you wake full of life, and clear-eyed. "Nerves" become a thing of the past. Get some Horlicks from your grocer or chemist today.

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YOU LOOK SO WELL IN RESTELL

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DESIGNED FOR TUBBING...

• Purple-and-white candy stripes for a little frock to flatter you. It has a low, wide peasant-type neckline, high bodice, tiny sleeves, huge pockets, is all outlined with bias self cording ending in bows.

• A cool number for a hot day at the beach is this spotted rayon dress. Tailored and fitting, with a low-cut back, cap sleeves, and wide scalloped, stitched detail. Note the peplum at the waistline.

• Try blue checked gingham for a new kind of shirt dress. Very washable, very crisp-looking, with starched collar and bow to dress up a low U neckline, and cuffed shoulder sleeves and pocket flaps.

• You'll look cool as a lettuce in a green-and-white striped cotton frock that is specially designed to make you look pretty, with wide frilled cap sleeves, an apron frill on the full skirt tied with a sash.

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WINDSOR CASTLE IS NOW THEIR HOME

LORD GOWRIE, former Governor-General of Australia, is now Deputy-Governor of Windsor Castle, chief residence of monarchs of England for nearly 500 years.

To this stronghold of British tradition, Lord and Lady Gowrie have brought many mementoes from the young country that liked them so well.

Our cover shows Lord and Lady Gowrie with Viscount Ruthven and the Hon. Malise Hore-Ruthven. With their mother, widow of Lord and Lady Gowrie's son, the children live in the Norman Tower with their grandparents.

LORD AND LADY GOWRIE read the morning paper in the flower-filled terrace of the mound on which the Round Tower stands.

MOAT GARDEN, where Lord and Lady Gowrie spend much of the summer days. Under the gnarled trees tiny springs well up into little pools among beds of pansies, aubretia, irises, wallflowers, roses, and lavender.

ON THE TERRACE leading to the Round Tower, Lord Gowrie looks out over the beautiful landscape. In background is Eton College, where he and his son, the late Major the Hon. Patrick Hore-Ruthven, were educated.

IN THE NORMAN TOWER, which is now the Gowries' home, the Deputy-Governor uses for his study the room where King James of Scotland was imprisoned for some years in the fifteenth century.

LADY GOWRIE in the spacious drawing-room which she had just finished redecorating. Flowers on table against the wall were sent to her that morning by Queen Elizabeth, who, with the King and the two Princesses, was in residence in the Royal apartments.

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Sailor sewing

THE ENGLISH SAILOR threading his needle is Leading-Seaman Reg Wing, of Kent. He has been in the Royal Navy for 15 years, and for three years has been embroidering this handsome bedspread for his wife. It has travelled 100,000 miles with him. In Reg's emergency kit, which every sailor keeps packed in case he has to abandon ship, the bedspread has first priority. The closest he ever came to losing it was in the Atlantic in 1943 when he was in an escort destroyer. A U-boat attack on the convoy had sunk most of the ships. Reg was in the ship's boat looking for survivors. "All the time I was wondering if the U-boats would get the destroyer and sink my bedspread," he said.

The picture was taken in the mess deck of a British Admiralty floating dock in an Australian port. His shipmates are quite accustomed to the sight of Reg doing his sewing, which is not an unusual hobby for a sailor as an escape from boredom in off-duty hours at sea.

Australian cities proved a dream to this sewing sailor. "All the colored silks," he said with awe. "Blimey, I bought a pound's worth the first day I was here. They're hard to get in England." The bedspread has an anchor in the centre worked in blue. In each corner are roses, shamrocks, and thistles. When it is finished he will make pillow-cases to match.

—Photograph by our staff photographer, Jack Hickson.

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WORTH Reporting

Animal Antics

"How does it look with a veil?"

Jeeps in bronze

"WE wonder about the statues which will come out of this war," says the "New Yorker."

"Generals used to ride on bronze horses on their journey everlasting through a city park and it was customary for the horse to stand with all fours on the ground if his rider had died a natural death, one front foot lifted if died of wounds, and both front feet lifted if killed in battle.

"Presumably the generals of the future should sit in a jeep, not on a horse. Will the same rule hold?

"Somebody must decide fairly soon how many wheels are to be off the ground."

ABOUT 80 years ago two little girls, Edith Lambert and Marion Harvey, danced round Mrs. Macquarie's wishing-tree in Sydney Botanic Gardens, while stately gentlemen in side-whiskers and ladies in crinolines smiled indulgently.

In 1935, when the tree, a Norfolk pine, was 119 years old, girls and boys of another generation danced round a new wishing-tree, planted because the old tree was dying.

Watching the ceremony were two elderly ladies, Miss Lambert, aged 80, and Miss Harvey, 85.

A few weeks ago it was announced that the old tree must finally be removed. Nearby the new wishing-tree had grown into a fine sturdy pine, and round it its tenth anniversary was celebrated by the Nothing Under 70 Club.

Among the guests of the club were Miss Lambert, aged 90, and Miss Harvey, aged 95.

Tamed veterans

ARMY authorities are closely watching the morale of returning soldiers who reach New York at the rate of ten thousand daily.

The Army M.P.s, who have been on the wharves directing veterans, have now been replaced by Wacs.

Army officers explain that it's good for morale.

Soldiers who have been for years taking orders from male M.P.s are getting a new kick out of taking orders from women.

Wait till the veterans have been home for several weeks!

THERE is a 72-year-old man in Scotland who has 34 children. He has been married three times.

Girls sailors like

SEVENTEEN sailors have made up their minds what they do and don't like about girls, cables our London office.

Here are some of the points they make: Freckles can sometimes add to a girl's beauty. Some girls look better with a good wash instead of make-up. A plump, healthy girl is better than a slim, ailing one. Leg make-up is the worst thing ever sold.

The girl who never considers a man's pocket is no good as a wife. Skirts should be just an inch below the knee, never above it. The nicest girls never call a fellow "Darling" or "Sweetheart" in front of other people. Very long, pointed, much-painted nails make sailors afraid.

"Gwendolyn and Albert, of course. And THIS must be Roger, my youngest!"

Long life

ACCORDING to a London reporter in Moscow, 45-year-old scientist Nicoli Vasilievich Tsitsin is hot on the track of the secret of extreme longevity.

Having questioned 150 of the Soviet's centenarians, Tsitsin found that the majority of these were poor country folk who earned a living keeping bees.

He also discovered that these ancient ones sold the best part of the honey, only keeping for their own consumption and chief item of food the residue found on the floor of the hive.

This information caused the Department of Distant Hybridisation to investigate further, and Tsitsin made a long series of experiments.

Referring to these investigations Tsitsin says: "Though the ancient Greeks tell us that the food of the immortals is named ambrosia, they do not tell us what this food is made of. However, we moderns may yet find that ambrosia and flower-pollen are one and the same thing."

British humor

AMERICAN author Ella Secor Florence in her recent book, "Our Private Lives," pays tribute to the British sense of humor.

She says: "Once when lecturing on American contemporary life to an English audience, I mentioned how American men and women will frequently take on all sorts of jobs before finally settling down to their principal life work.

"By way of illustration, I then told of the variety of jobs I'd already done myself.

"After the lecture finished," she continues, "a woman shoe-operator from the Midlands rose and convulsed the audience by remarking:

"'Well, what surprises me is how that lady got all those jobs.'"

The author also tells of the sturdy British house-painter, who, when his paint shop was blitzed, hung out a sign which merely said: "Professional jealousy."

Out of purdah

FIRST world Y.W.C.A. emissary to the Philippines, Miss Anne Guthrie, formerly with the "Y" in India, when passing through Australia told of some important changes wrought during the war for Indian women by the W.A.C.I. (the Women's Auxiliary Corps of India), known as "Wac-Eye."

The W.A.C.I. is made up of European, Anglo-Indian, and Indian women, the last-mentioned including a batch of Moslem girls who left a life of purdah, or strict family seclusion, to join up.

At home the Moslems had been forbidden to meet any men other than their fathers or brothers. They wore long enveloping robes, and face-veils to peep through.

"They wore these garments," said Miss Guthrie, "while they attended a 'Y' centre for instruction in secretarial work, which was their preparation for joining up.

"However, big changes were on the way. After enlistment the little bunch of Moslem rookies stepped out into a wartime world well-equipped for their jobs, wearing the smart W.A.C.I. uniform with an air.

"The most significant aspect of their emancipation is the fact that now, veilless and efficient, these girls work among armies of hitherto forbidden men."

* * *

THE music credit of a Russian film frankly stated: "Music by Dmitri Kabalensky, with the able and eager assistance of Bach, Gounod, Handel, Mozart, and others."—"Saturday Evening Post."

POPULAR SCIENCE

FREE verse
Is the only way
I can convey
My feelings
On learning
That this table is not a table,
This typewriter is not what it seems,
Nor this paper,
Nor me . . .

But all are a mass
Of atoms and neutrons
And electrons
And things
All bombarding
And revolving
In circles like mad . . .

I liked them better
The way
They were.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Four black horses

LONDON will see the Lord Mayor's coach again this year. After being stored away in the country during the war it is now undergoing complete overhaul, ready for the Lord Mayor's Show in November.

Master of the Worshipful Company of Coachmakers and Coach Harness Makers, Sir William Letts, says the only trouble now is to find four quiet, black horses to draw it.

"The coach is a terrific weight and the horses must be hefty as well as quiet, an unusual combination," he said.

"We usually get them from the brewers' vans, but they seem to have been using mostly brown horses since the war. No one has any idea how difficult it is to find four matching black horses."

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Men, women and children of all ages, from 5 to 75, have come to see me, worried and fearful about their eyes, and have gone away relieved and hopeful again. I have helped hundreds of people to perfect eyesight again without the necessity for wearing glasses. These include lads about to enter the Air Force, Sailors and Soldiers, Women for the Services, Engine Drivers, Chauffeurs, Policemen, men, women and children from all ranks and conditions of life and all callings people whose living depends upon their eyes. No matter what your age, if this makes you say to yourself, "That's me!" call or write (enclosing 2½d. stamp for postage) for full information and my Free Booklet, "Better Natural Sight Without Wearing Glasses" (consultation is Free), to EYESIGHT TRAINING (Ferguson System), MANCHESTER UNITY BUILDING, 185 Elizabeth St., Sydney, N.S.W. MA5455. And at 5th Floor, Union Bank Chambers, The Causeway, 306 Lt. Collins St. (Causeway Entrance), Melbourne, Vic. Cent. 2425.

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Put the Pie in PYREX!

PYREX-COOKING retains the full nutriment value, the utmost flavour, from even the humblest morsel of meat. It takes many a "headache" out of meat rationing — enables you to serve delicious pies, casseroles and other dishes without trouble or coupon worries. And no matter what type of dish you cook in your Agee Pyrex, you can carry it straight from oven to table with pride in the fact that it *looks* attractive besides being "cooked to a turn." Agee Pyrex is again available. Your kitchen is not modern until you possess a *complete* set.

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Cut up that left-over meat and place it in your Agee Pyrex Casserole with seasoning, gravy and vegetable stock. Re-heat it SLOWLY in the oven and you'll have a dish which is rich in body-building protein . . . one which will tempt, nourish and satisfy every member of your family.

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Soldiers in North talk and dream of home

ALL ABOARD the jeep train for Beaufort.

Points scores for demobilisation are discussed like racing form guides

"Of all the talk in Borneo, it was—and still is—only home, and how quickly the men can get there, that matters," says our staff artist W. E. Pidgeon (Wep), who has spent nearly two months in Borneo and nearby bases drawing and painting the A.I.F.

From Morotai Wep has sent this story of how the troops received the news of peace and a description of his travels, accompanied by typical Wep drawings.

By WEP (W. E. Pidgeon)

EVERYWHERE among the troops, home is THE topic with the boys up front and the wallahs at the base.

Points scores and probabilities of departure are studied and discussed like form guides, especially among the five-year men, who will, of course, be the first to set out for home.

It was pretty certain on Friday, August 10, that the war was over.

But the wild exuberant lead that flew round to celebrate the peace was just as vicious as that of war.

Ironically, peace, too, brought its casualties. The spontaneous rattle of machine-guns and rifles was answered by the bopping of the Bofors and the slicing of the searchlight batons beating time across the sky.

But the tension was gone and there was singing and drinking and yelpings of joy. And there was sentimentality galore.

Four days it lasted. By Monday the boys had steamed right off and official peace two days later was accorded no more than just a passing nod.

At night a few tracer shells moved in slow, red perforation across the night, and no one cared.

It was more important and more depressing to contemplate the months yet to be served before demobilisation became for each a real returning to the ways of peace.

Things were normal on Monday. The hangovers were lifting and the cooks just cooked while batmen batted.

In the evening at the pictures I attended, troops stoically accepted the acrobatic antics of warrior Errol Flynn. The ceremonial tracers and searchlights moved on.

But after all the shouting, the life and background for most of the Army personnel is still the same. The jungle is still green and thick and the Celebes Sea is just as ever.

Over there in North-west Borneo the country is still smothered with gross fat trees in all shapes and sizes. You backyard fernery folk would still goggle at the orchids, creepers, staghorns, and palms—herringbone ferns and bracken like you have at home, but taller than a man!

Victoria Town

THANKS to the restful bombing of the R.A.A.F., and to the shelling by the Navy, all the shopping centres of all the towns and villages have gone with the wind.

One can only guess what must have been the beauty of pre-bombardment Victoria Town on Labuan Island.

The fragments of pale blue plastered walls, the heaps of bright red bricks and tiles, the remains of Chinese architectural devices, the broken retaining walls of the canal behind the shops, the gaunt and shattered trees, the only two surviving brick buildings, the isolated clock tower, an aloof and well-proportioned symbol of the town, remain to testify to its one-time charm.

What is left is just a ghost; the bricks and bones that were once its substance have been bulldozed off and used as filling on the airstrip.

Victoria Town is buried there.

Brunei

IT is a tedious four and a half hours' journey by landing craft to Brunei.

Heaven help Venice if Brunei is, as some allege, "The Venice of the East."

Only a real-estate agent could have thought up that one for such a squalid grey collection of native houses.

They squat weakly on their legs over the evil-smelling mud-flats of the stream.

Certainly there is a touch of carnival in the comings and the goings of the children in their praus, and in their singing — high pitched notes that float smoothly over the river and the ooze.

Kuala Belait

PERSONNEL of the 20th Brigade live a smooth existence at Kuala Belait. Here they share such terrors of war as laid-on gas and water, cricket and swimming on the beach, and offices, reading rooms, and ping-pong in the homes and clubs of the prewar oil executives.

"A great war," they used to say, but they're pleased to get it over.

A few blackened beams and the fire-hued skeletons of a thousand bikes form the cemetery of a street.

Malays and Chinese still shuffle up and down the road, or sit passively in the shade to watch the kids play and screech just as they do in Redfern or Fitzroy.

From a house comes the brittle tinkling of an untuned piano. Someone is playing with one or two fingers a Chinese song which strangely lapses into a few bars of "Way Down Upon the Swannee River."

If you get to know little Peggy Ho and you ask her nicely, she will sing in her sweet little voice, "I'll Always Call You Sweetheart."

She is only twelve, and very tiny, and in some way her performance is very touching, and it makes you think of all children, and of home.

Peggy learnt that song and a few others while the Japs were here, and when to speak English at all was indeed dangerous.

Before they came, she knew only her ABC, and her family and friends have secretly taught her so much. What could the Japanese do with people like that?

Limbang

YOU go to Limbang by barge through twisting aisles of water, palms, and mangroves.

Limbang is the country of the Dyak. He is a real native of Borneo, the bloodthirsty headhunter, "The Wild Man from Borneo."

You are conscious of a shock—your preconceived ideas of him were sadly naive.

Are these exquisitely feminine-looking beings the bogymen of your childhood days?

It is unbelievable. Beautifully proportioned, sleek as a pear, you must admire their bodies.

Here are Grecian marbles modelled in miniature and clothed in flesh of lightest coffee hue and tattooed with blue-green scrolls and mystic patterns on the throat and shoulders.

Throat bands, armlets, silver bangles just above the calf, and a loin cloth cunningly tied complete the peaceful ornamentation.

But their swords and spears are razor-sharp, their blowpipes silent and deadly.

PAINTING at Labuan, Borneo, Wep photographed at work by LAC L. V. Humphries, R.A.A.F., who was stationed nearby.

Many a Jap straggler's head has been lopped and smoked for their mantelpieces at home.

Weston

FROM Labuan another four and a half hours of sitting on a barge like a redhot waffle-iron will bring you to the area occupied by the 24th Brigade.

This is the land of the celebrated jeep train.

Steam engines used to haul the train from Weston to Jesselton, but on their hurried way out the Nips did their best to wreck the locomotives and the R.A.A.F. filled the boilers full of holes.

So the engineers put iron tyres on the jeeps and shoved them on the rails and hooked the trucks behind.

The rubber trees meet in an arch overhead and the undergrowth, unhindered for the last three and a half years, forms walls of fern and palm and lasiandra, whose purple flowers brush your body as you pass.

Beaufort

AT Beaufort the Army arranged a carnival day for the children of the district.

The natives swarmed in by train, in box-cars and flat-tops. They squatted and huddled together tight as a bunch of grapes, and quietly soaked in the drenching rain.

In the box-cars native orchestras "gave out" and were "in the groove" in several different tunes.

The penetrating boom of the gongs and the light melodic harmony of the gamelins (a xylophonic saucepan affair) burrowed through the dusk.

It was a great day for Beaufort. The children laughed at the soldiers, and the soldiers laughed at the natives.

Pillow-fights and obstacle races, lolly-water and fireworks, Malay dances and Chinese singing, jeep rides, speeches and fraternisation, Miss Beaufort competition, and ceremonial tea-drinking—it was all there.

British administrators considered with gloomy foreboding the Australian "spoiling of the native."

At 11.30 p.m. they straggled home—grandpas, grandmas, dads, and mums with sleeping kids swung in "cuddle-seats" made of gaily coloured scarves.

SOLDIERS dream of home.—Wep's version of VP-Day among the troops.

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Editorial

SEPTEMBER 8, 1945.

THEY WAIT FOR NEWS

AMONG the heroines of this war must be numbered the thousands of wives, mothers, and sweethearts of men who, for more than three dark years, have been in the hands of the Japanese.

Their uncomplaining courage and patient faith have been magnificent.

The unbelievable disaster of Singapore was for them the beginning of a prolonged period of tense anxiety.

The Japanese, arrogant in their unchecked successes, cared so little for common humanity that for a long time even the International Red Cross could not function on behalf of the captives.

It was many months before the first meagre uninformative P.O.W. cards came through. These, often months old, brought little sense of contact to those who waited.

Some have heard nothing in the whole period.

Peace brought this long and cruel ordeal of waiting to a nerve-racking climax.

For many, who have been dry-eyed and brave all through, the past few weeks have been almost unbearable.

The years behind suddenly became nothing. It was the days, even the hours, ahead that were too long to contemplate.

They knew that soon must come news to close their long vigil, either with joy in the promise of a quick reunion or with sorrow in the knowledge of tragic bereavement.

Australia's sympathy is with them in this hour as they await that long-hoped-for message: "Safe and well—and free!"

CHINESE GIRL Mrs. Lotus Lee-Chang was one of the happy crowd in London on VP-Day. Her husband is an Army lieutenant in China. British Wrens congratulate her on the news of Tokio's surrender.

COMMONWEALTH COMMUNIQUE

Radio sets When control of manufacture of radio sets is lifted, makers will be able to produce them within 10 to 12 weeks. They say the postwar radio will not differ much from prewar model. Any changes will come gradually, in two to three years. Trend is toward miniature sets, but problem is to retain tonal quality in these.

Car improvements Many of the innovations in peacetime cars will be appreciated by women drivers. Improvements to the jacking system, lighter controls, and greater foot comfort will be some. Improved ventilation and heating are also expected, as they can be effected without much change to manufacturing equipment.

Fishing-lines Nylon, used at first as a substitute for Japanese silk gut in fishing-lines, is now likely to be the permanent choice of fishermen. Nylon is stronger than gut, and can be tied without preliminary soaking.

More blankets Blankets are in better supply now than they were in 1943-44. During the war, 11,900,000 Australian-made blankets have been delivered to the Australian and United States Forces, and to Eastern Group Supply Council in India.

Sugar shortage World stocks of sugar are low, and sugar rationing is still necessary. The United Kingdom has doubled its orders on Australia from 100,000 to 200,000 tons a year. Australian refineries will find it hard to meet demand for refined sugar. Canada and New Zealand recently reduced ration, and Britain has made another big cut in order to send some to France.

Fish discovery Fish caught lately in southern Tasmanian waters are believed to be Atlantic salmon, one of world's best canning varieties. Samples were packed in ice, sent to British Museum, where experts said there was little doubt that they were derived from Atlantic salmon stock, but more investigation was required for absolute proof.

Speeds growth Gardeners may get startling results when new chemical, colchicine, is marketed. U.S. scientists found it doubled rate of growth of young oak and chestnut trees. Chinese research workers say it caused remarkable speed-up in germination of corn, rice, wheat, cabbage.

Plastic eyes Artificial eyes of plastic instead of glass are being made by an Adelaide expert. The plastic is unbreakable, has solved many problems, especially that of a small boy who was always throwing his away and breaking it. Maker says women sometimes have one for day, one for evening, daytime pupil being smaller.

In the shops Peacetime begins to be evident in stores, where many prewar goods are on sale. Seen in Sydney stores last week: Leg cream, fine black and coloured hat veiling, expensive brands of eye shadow and mascara, large range of china teapots, and women's Milanese sports briefs.

Bath towels Until more manpower is available, production of Australian bath-towels will be limited. During war stores received quota every three months. Towels have been restricted in design and sizes, ranging from 20in. by 40in. to 24in. by 48in.

New tyres Motor-car tyres made from synthetic and crude rubber with a two or three year life span have been developed in America. This tyre will do 50,000 miles.

Mutton birds Tasmanian Fauna Board will conduct census of mutton birds in Bass Strait island breeding grounds. Census is part of programme for research on the birds. Last season, catchers took 472,972 birds, yielding 115 drums of oil, 233 bags of feathers, as well as food.

Oil refinery Vacuum Oil Company plans to erect first oil refinery in Australia, for production of lubricating oils, bitumen, and fuel oils. Except for certain highly specialised equipment, refinery will be wholly made from Australian materials.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

Interesting People

PROFESSOR M. OLIPHANT

. . . atomic bomb and radar

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN Professor Marcus Oliphant has had prominent part in development of two of the war's greatest discoveries — the atomic bomb and radar. Was one of the British and American scientists who carried out experiments on the atomic bomb in England and America for more than two years. Revisited Australia in 1942 to discuss radar. Since 1937 has been Professor of Physics, Birmingham University. During war was scientific adviser to the Admiralty. After graduating at Adelaide and Cambridge Universities, he was for a time assistant director at Cavendish Laboratory of Experimental Physics, Cambridge.

MRS. BOYD MORIARTY

. . . Red Cross in Singapore

RED CROSS worker Mrs. Boyd Moriarty, who has one of longest active service records in Australian Red Cross, is once more on the job. Was recalled from leave to become commandant of women workers in first Australian Red Cross unit to enter Singapore to assist in rehabilitating our prisoners. Was first Red Cross worker to go to France to meet P.O.W. from Germany. Returned to Australia only ten days before present assignment. Served originally in Middle East. Is widow of Captain Boyd Moriarty, A.I.F., killed in Crete. Was formerly Miss Barbara Goff, of Ipswich, Queensland.

MR. RICHARD FARRELL

. . . young pianist for U.S.A.

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD Sydney pianist Richard Farrell has been awarded a musical scholarship in United States with noted teacher Madame Samaroff-Stokowski. She is holding two scholarships open for him, one at Curtis Institute, Philadelphia, and one at Juilliard School of Music, New York. A fund has been opened for him. Gifted young artist is already well known in Australia for his recitals and broadcasts. Recently made interstate tour for A.B.C., and was soloist at celebrity concert with Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Ernest MacMillan. Came to Sydney from New Zealand as a small boy. At age of four sang French songs over N.Z. radio, and when he was eight gave performance with Wellington Symphony Orchestra, playing his own composition, "Lament On the Death of an Archbishop." In Sydney was scholarship pupil at Conservatorium.

YOUR COUPONS

- TEA: 5 to 16 and D (5 to 8 will expire on Sept. 23).

SUGAR: 1 to 8 (good till Oct. 21).
BUTTER: 10 to 12 (till Sept. 23).
MEAT: Black, 22 to 25, good till Sept. 23. On Sept. 10, 26 to 28 also become available. Red and green, 25 and 27.
CLOTHES: B37-112, Y1-56.

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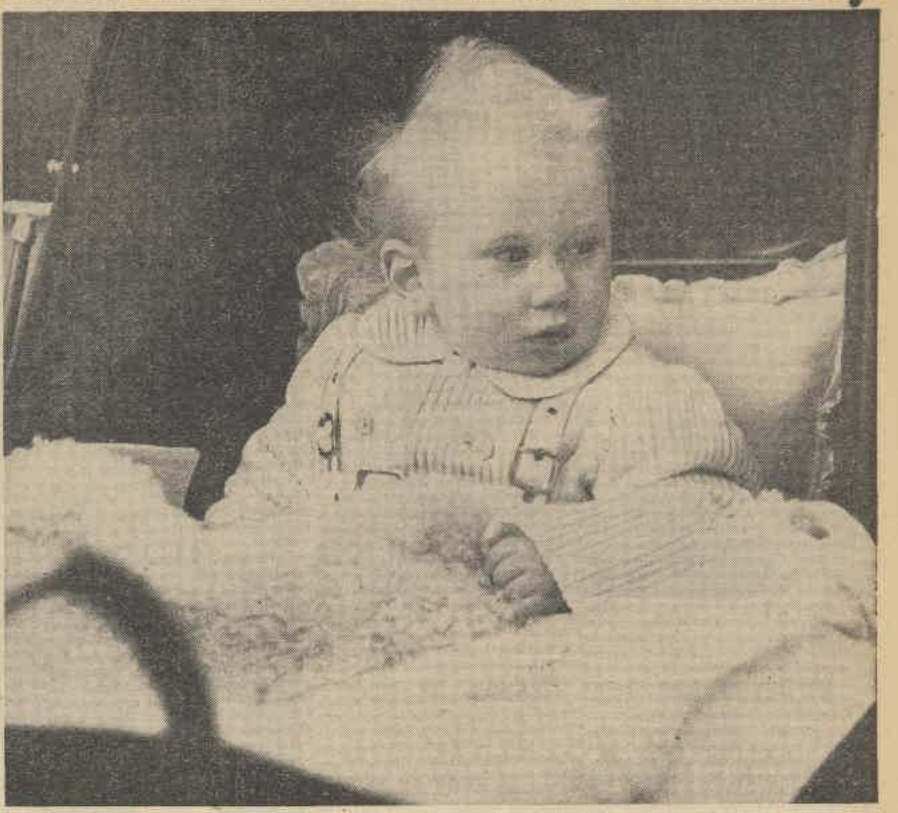
Prince Richard celebrates his first birthday

PRINCE WILLIAM and Davina de Knayth have great fun collecting pine cones in the grounds of Yarralumla.



PRINCE RICHARD, younger son of Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, celebrates his first birthday in Australia at Yarralumla, Canberra.

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER and Captain Sandy Ramsay, Duke's aide, wish Prince Richard "Many happy returns of the day" on the baby's birthday.

PLAYMATES Prince William and Davina de Knayth, daughter of Viscountess Clive, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess, play happily together in the garden.

CLAP HANDS FOR DADDY. Lovely study of little Prince William taken on his brother's birthday. *—Photos by Monte Luke.*

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Women's influence could help reform Japan

TEA IS SERVED. Hotel chambermaid, wearing traditional kimono and obi, brings refreshments, and bows with obsequious politeness before entering the room.

EMPRESS OF JAPAN, in Western dress, attends the Yasukini Shrine in Tokio, to worship the souls of her country's dead soldiers, sailors, and airmen. They died, according to her faith, in a holy war.

JAPANESE GIRLS from rural farming villages were recruited for Japan's war industries. These are manufacturing steel drills.

Wife is central figure in the life of the family

"Contrary to European belief, the Japanese woman exerts a strong behind-the-scenes influence. She could exert this influence for good—a factor which should not be overlooked by the Allies in the re-educating of the Japanese in a democratic way of life."

This is the opinion of Professor A. L. Sadler, professor of Oriental Studies at Sydney University, who lived in Japan for 13 years and revisited the country in 1929.

In this interview Professor Sadler gives an interesting picture of the Japanese woman, her schooling, her business career and social background, and most important of all, Japanese home life, in which she is the central figure.

"IN Japanese life, everything is subsidiary to the family," said the professor. "The happiness of one member will often be sacrificed for the happiness and well-being of the family.

"It is a well-knit unit, into which even the State seldom intrudes. And at the apex of it is usually a woman.

"Although many careers are open to the Japanese woman, her schooling from infancy is usually moulded toward what the majority of the women regard as their highest career—the home.

"It is quite a common practice for prospective in-laws of a bride to visit her school and check up on her progress in this home career.

"As part of a girl's pre-marriage training she must learn domestic work in the home of a higher class family—a happy arrangement which fits her to be a good wife, and solves Japan's domestic problem.

"In Japan, a girl or boy has little chance of choosing a partner. Marriages are arranged by the parents of both parties, or that institution of Japanese family life—the family council, comprising elders of each household.

"Girl and boy usually only see one another once before the ceremony. If it's not exactly love at first sight at that initial preview, the parties can complain to the council, but that august body still has final decision."

Average marrying age for girls is 20. The actual ceremony is a simple one, usually entailing only the drinking of a toast.

In recent years, a fashionable practice has been to have a Shinto priest officiating, but this is only a mildly popular imitation of the Western custom.

"The bride wears black. White is mourning color in Japan, so you won't find it at Miss Tokio's wedding," Professor Sadler continued.

"Her idea of special glamor make-up for her wedding is to coat her face with white powder, and if she doesn't like the line of her eyebrows she shaves them off and paints new ones above the old.

"She blacks her teeth because she likes the effect of red lipstick against the black."

Girls don't necessarily have to take their husband's name. If the girl's family is the more influential and there are no male heirs the husband takes her name.

The couple after marriage live with whichever parents have the larger home. If the home is too small they move into their own wooden cottage.

"Western couples can grouch about their in-laws, and let things go at that, but in Japan you have to get on with them if you want to keep your husband or wife," the professor explained.

"If Ma or Pa in-law don't specially like you, they can have you 'sent away'—the national Japanese form of divorce.

"You don't hear 'Oh, so-and-so was divorced.' It's just 'Oh, she's been sent away.'

"Divorce is just a mutual parting by the couples with the approval, of course, of the council—or, simply, a 'Do-as-I-say and don't-argue' decision by the council.

"Registering of babies' births is not compulsory. It's left to the parents if and when they care to get round to it.

"In fact, the State enters into neither Japanese marriage nor divorce. It's all just a practical family arrangement."

The average middle-class home in Japan is built according to size of family, not of family wealth.

It has about five rooms. There's not much work for the housewife, as the only furniture consists of mattresses and floor mats.

There are no pictures to dust, as each house has a specially built alcove for only one picture. This is changed whenever the family feels like it.

In the majority of homes, Mrs. Nippon cooks only one big dish a day—rice, which is served for breakfast, lunch, and dinner with vegetable variations.

If the couple are entertaining friends for dinner, a meal is purchased complete from a nearby restaurant.

The Japanese woman seldom mixes with men, and as a result has little or no conversation with the men she may meet at social functions.

This conversational art is left to the Geisha girl, who with her general entertainment abilities is specially hired for social gatherings.

The Geisha girl's profession is a highly paid one, according to Japanese standards.

She is trained to dance well, sing well, and be bright and witty, and is always accompanied by a chaperon at social evenings.

Career women

MOST professions are open to Japanese women.

They can be schoolteachers on a salary of about £4 a month; doctors, nurses, typists, waitresses (male waiters are unheard of in Japan, mainly because of their alleged inelegance), writers, and many have proved outstanding business women.

One daughter of the famous Mitsui family, whose husband took no interest in his business, peremptorily ordered him to do the housework, while she took over the business and ran it profitably.

Professor Sadler said that the writer of Japan's first classic book, back in 800, was a woman.

Well-known contemporary Japanese woman writer who has published several best-sellers in America, including "Daughter of Samurai," is Sugimoto.

"Every second Japanese man and woman writes poetry; it's pretty poor, but they still keep on writing it," he said.

"Although there are Japanese women film stars, there are no women stage artists.

"The men enact all feminine stage roles, and to perfect their technique live as women off-stage.

"Contrary to popular belief, Japan's Emperors have not descended in direct line, and are not as interbred as many imagine.

"Emperors must marry a daughter of one of the first five families of the Court. But it is often the child of one of his consorts, and not his wife, who ascends the throne.

"Like the Emperor, a Japanese Empress has no public life.

"Few of the men and women from Japan's upper classes are fooled by the Emperor-deity rot, but they encourage it as a useful tool in keeping the masses underfoot by making them obedient to a blind faith.

"There's a favorite Japanese proverb, 'You must have faith in something, even if it's only a sardine's head.'

"The nobles and military element are simply cashing in on the Emperor's head.

"Personally, if I have any faith in Japan, it is in her women. They have many fine characteristics, and could prove an influence for good."

Living-in system in factories

By ELSPETH JOYCE, an Australian who was in Japan a few months before the war.

IN Tokio I visited two model silk factories. Both very large, they were miracles of orderliness, cleanliness, organisation, and efficiency. Cages of singing birds or big glass tanks of goldfish decorated the main rooms, in which the working conditions appeared excellent.

The girls wore spotless uniforms, and looked contented.

At these factories the living-in system was in force. Under this system girls are recruited in their teens from distant centres, and are housed in the large factory grounds.

They are provided with food, clothing, recreational facilities, medical attention, and reading matter.

They are paid only a tiny wage, and are literally owned, body and mind, during the long term of their employment. Even visitors are a very rare occurrence.

Thus the Government, through the owners, has power to shape their minds and to shape the whole trend of their thoughts.

They become living automatons, subservient in all things, and year by year grow more like animals, content to work, eat, sleep, and play, but think ever more seldom, and then only along directed lines.

That they seemed happy was undeniable, but, of course, psychologists agree that discipline and direction tend to create happiness for the ordinary mind, though they should equally stress that such direction has a stultifying effect.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

PLANETARY radiations affect Taurians, Virgoans and Capricornians most fortunately this week.

Those who should also benefit are Scorpians and Cancerians.

For these groups it will pay well to plan ahead, to begin new ventures, depending on favorable dates, of course.

Those born under the signs Gemini, Sagittarius, and Pisces should live quietly.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review of the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Mild difficulties, losses and arguments possible on September 8, 9 and early 10, but probably your affairs will be monotonously routined for the most part just now.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Don't procrastinate now. Successful issues and opportunities or changes are likely. Sept. 4 and 5 difficult. Sept. 6 and 7 good. Sept. 10 (after dusk) and 11 also difficult.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Live quietly now if you would dodge worry, annoyances, obstacles, discord. Especially on Sept. 6 and 7. Avoid loss, partings, opposition then. Better days soon. Plan ahead.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Sept. 10 (after sunset), 11 (except near dusk) can be quite fair, but Sept. 8, 9, early 10 may be difficult.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Moderately helpful conditions on September 4 (especially after 8 p.m.) and Sept. 5 (before noon). Avoid overconfidence and upsets after 4 p.m.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Keep busy. Seek desired goals, promotions, and other gains. Especially on Sept. 6 (forenoon), 7 (afternoon), and 9 (to 10 p.m.). Sept. 10 and 11 (except near sunset) excellent.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Sept. 9 can be unexpectedly fortunate and pleasing. Best before forenoon. Sept. 10 very good, too.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A week of modest possibilities. Sept. 4 and 5 poor, but Sept. 9 very fair (to 10 a.m. and after 4 p.m.). Sept. 10 very helpful (after 9 a.m.). Sept. 11 fair (after dusk).

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Be on guard now. Keep out of entanglements, arguments, needless setbacks. Especially on September 6 and 7. Routine work best.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Go after desired promotions and gains. Successful outcomes possible now. Especially for matters started on Sept. 6 and 7 (after 9 a.m.). Sept. 11 (after 7 p.m.) very helpful too.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Sept. 9 (to forenoon and near dusk) can be surprisingly favorable for you. Sept. 10 (forenoon only) fair.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Beware opposition, loss, disappointment, discord and parting. Especially on Sept. 6 and 7. Caution pays you well now. Routine advised.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

SPRING NOTE

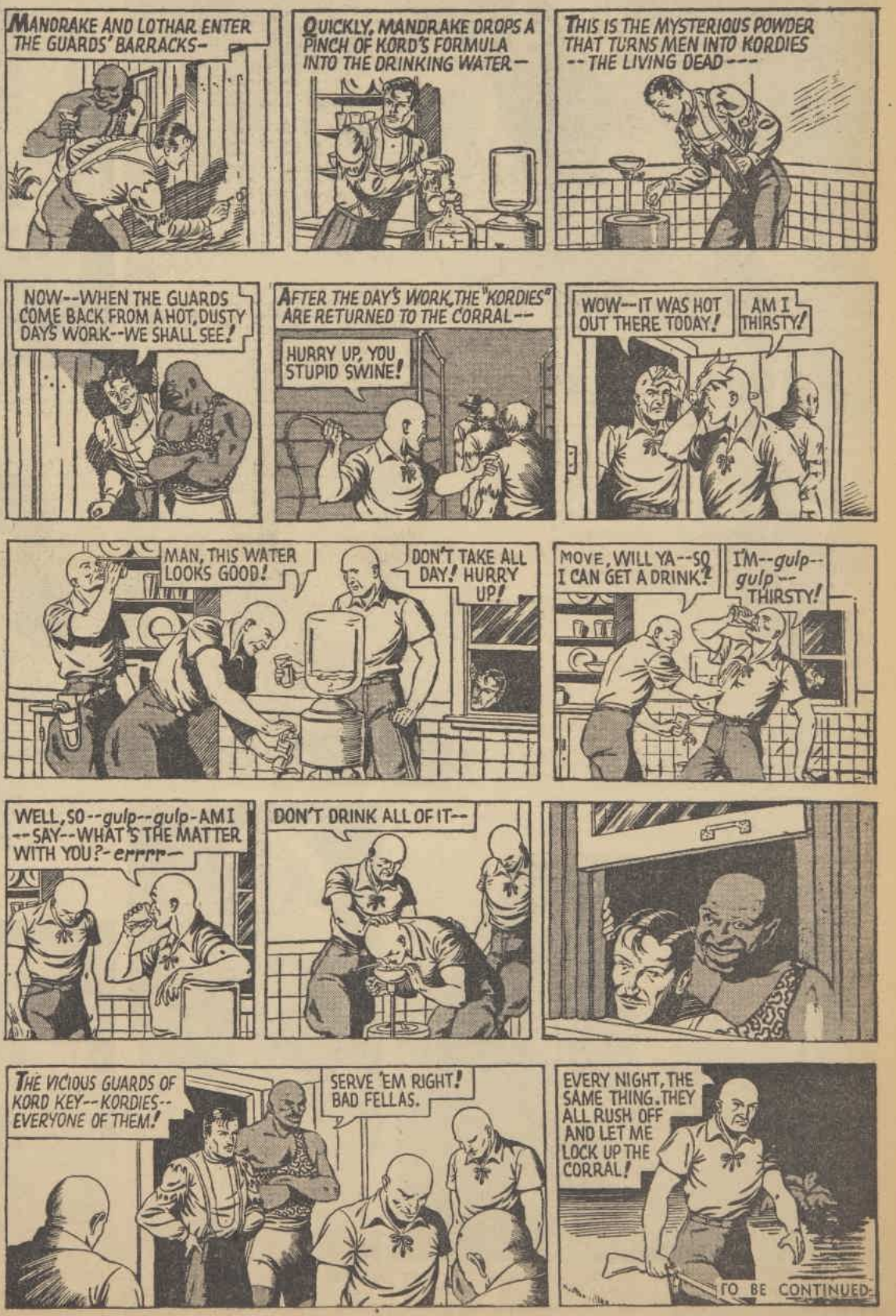
I AM short and I'm broad and I'm, maybe, fat!
But I've bought myself a marvellous hat.
It's not very big, but it's awfully high,
And I wear it slanted across one eye—
A rocketing spiral of silk and tulle
(And Somebody says I look like a fool!)
BUT—I may be plain and short and fat—
I don't care a bit! It's the LOVELIEST hat!

—M. Peake.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Were lured to Kord Key, Isle of walking dead (Kordies), by
BARON KORD: Whom Narda agreed to wed if he freed Mandrake.
TRINA: Kord's sister, befriends the captives.

MANDRAKE and Lothar pretend to be Kordies. They substitute salt for the powder which Kord used in drinking water to keep his victims in a state of "living death." The Kordies revive. Mandrake tells them to pretend a little while longer. He has saved one sack of the powder. NOW READ ON:



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YOUR WEDDING

• With the war over the traditional wedding comes into its own again. No more rush arrangements, but a leisurely planning of trousseau, bridal regalia, and honeymoon.

The modern bride who insists on a "real" wedding, from the flowing veil to the orange-blossom and rice, seldom realises that many of these

DREAM BRIDE. Every girl visualises herself in full bridal regalia. Like thousands of brides, she will follow the tradition of "something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue."

CONFETTI is used more frequently now than rice, symbol of fertility, to shower over the happy couple as they leave the church after the wedding ceremony.

BREAKFAST. Eating meal together was most important rite in ancient days. In many tribes, wedding meal ceremony. Orange blossom symbolises "golden apple."

TROUSSEAU comes from word meaning "little bundle." In days when it was the custom for a man to pay for his wife, bride's father gave her household goods as compensation to the groom.

FLOWER GIRL is a present-day reminder of girls who strewed grain, symbol of fertility, in bridal path.

IF ANYONE but bride cuts first slice of cake, the bride's happiness and prosperity are supposedly cut into.

BLUE GARTER thing blue" in old English

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s NEWS, but its traditions are as old as the hills

ms originated in ancient superstitions and lore. Customs and costumes of the marriage ony date back thousands of years, even ing in many ways the symbolism of days o woman was a man's property.

re in pictorial form we illustrate how the n wedding recalls the past.

e, GIRL who catches le bouquet will be y. next to marry.

HONEYMOON. The savage who took a bride by capture had to flee her irate family, hence the wedding trip. Among some tribes newly married couples drank a wine made from honey for a month, and so we have the honeymoon.

t part of wedding constitutes the uno gave Jupiter.

VEIL signified freedom among some ancient peoples, submission among others. Now it universally symbolises innocence, and is considered correct only for first wedding.

CARRYING the bride across the threshold. This practice, still followed by modern couples, dates from the Romans. They considered it a bad omen for a young couple's future life together if the bride stumbled on the threshold.

or the "some- he well-known d-luck rhyme.

THE RING, token of a pledge, is always worn on the third finger of the left hand. The Greeks once thought that a vein went directly from this finger to the heart—hence the practice.

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NERVY WOMEN

RUN-DOWN MEN CRANKY CHILDREN

READ THESE REPORTS FROM EX-SUFFERERS ONCE ILL— NOW WELL THANKS TO BIDOMAK

Proved 14-day, no-risk test has shown thousands of men, women and children the quick way to win back strength, new energy, buoyant health

There is no need for anyone to go about sick, nervy, irritable, run-down, below par and listless, or to suffer from lack of confidence, sleeplessness, irritability, pains in joints or muscles, headaches or pains of indigestion. BIDOMAK puts these troubles right in 14 days, or you may have your money back.

BLOOD AND GLANDS STARVED FOR MINERALS

In nine cases out of ten, such disorders are caused by an impoverished blood stream starved for minerals. Your blood stream, as you know, is one of your most important organs. It conveys nourishment repair material and all the elements which make for health and strength in every cell. It brings life-giving oxygen to the tissues, carries away waste and refuse and contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, gland, nerve, bone and tissue in your body.

MINERAL STARVATION CAUSES MANY DISORDERS

Lack of FERRUM causes Anæmia, Headaches, Weakness and Lassitude. Lack of CALCIUM causes Stomach Troubles, Chilblains, Eczema, Poor Teeth and Weak Bone Structure. Lack of SODIUM causes Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, Stomach Trouble. Lack of POTASSIUM causes Heart Disorders, Acidosis, Constipation. Lack of PHOSPHORUS causes Insomnia, Brain Fag, Nervous Exhaustion.

When you get enough of these minerals, you regain health in a natural way. A brilliant scientist perfected, in Bidomak, a way of providing them all in an easily assimilable, palatable liquid form. He then added CATALYTIC COPPER and MANGANESE SALTS in a form approved by the latest scientific investigations. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT

Bidomak thus makes you feel fitter and brighter in a few days. Aches and pains leave you. Work is no longer a burden—play is fun. You lose that "tight" feeling at the back of the neck. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally, and you wake refreshed, instead of "screwed-up" mentally and tired physically. The whole system is braced up and rejuvenated—as a natural result of revitalised nerves and arteries recharged with new, rich, red blood cells and living oxygen.

Read these extracts from actual letters by people who were once never really well, but after taking BIDOMAK are now on the high road to vigorous, happy health.

WORKED WONDERS FOR CHILDREN

Rosalie,
Brisbane, Q'land.

"As I am the mother of a large family, I cannot speak too highly of Bidomak. It has worked wonders with my children and saved many a hospital bill. I am never without a bottle in the house, as I think all mothers should take my advice and get a bottle and always keep one in the house. You can use this as you think fit."

Syd. Mrs. R.W.

ALWAYS DONE WORLD OF GOOD

Wentworth Falls.

"I have taken Bidomak since you first placed it on the market whenever I have been run-down, and it has always done me a world of good."

Yours faithfully,
Syd. (Miss) E.C.

HAS MADE ME A DIFFERENT WOMAN

Northcote Sth.

"Dear Sirs,—I am glad to tell you that 'Bidomak' has made me a different woman. After an illness of nine weeks I was completely run-down, I could not stand the least bit of noise, everything got on my nerves, and I knew I was getting on everybody else's nerves. I was told to get a bottle of your great tonic, and I have never regretted it. I am on my third bottle now, and I tell you I wouldn't be without a bottle in the house—it is wonderful."

Yours faithfully,
Syd. M. O'Brien.

STEEL WORKER A NEW MAN

Glebe.

"Dear Sir,—I am a steel worker, and at present working very long hours. I have lost over two stone in six months, and my nerves were in a terrible state, but I tried taking 'Bidomak,' and I must say that after taking only two bottles I am a new man and I have managed to put myself in the best of condition. I will never give up 'Bidomak,' and I am continually recommending it to my workmates. You are at liberty to use this letter, as it is a true confession of a man who had given up hopes of his health until 'Bidomak' came to the rescue."

Yours sincerely,
Syd. F.R.

★ BENEFIT GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK

Try pleasant-to-take BIDOMAK for 14 days—if you do not feel stronger, more vitally alive, and show a general all-round improvement in your health, the trial is absolutely free and your money is refunded on return of the nearly empty bottle (within 14 days of purchase) to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn Street, Sydney. Get guaranteed BIDOMAK to-day. C

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY

Bidomak

FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT DEPRESSED FEELING

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SAIDE PARKER, who arranges the scripts for the new 2GB feature, "The Lion's Roar."

New movie session for radio

Three days a week, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 1.45 p.m. the roar of the MGM lion which has been ushering in films for more than 20 years will be on the air in a new session from Station 2GB, "The Lion's Roar."

HIGHLIGHTS of the session will be cable news of Hollywood stars, numbers from the Hit Parade, and "Word's Eye Views" from Saide Parker, who also arranges the scripts.

Miss Parker has been broadcasting over 2GB about Hollywood for nearly three years and has been writing about films for 15 years.

Formerly a well-known journalist and film critic, she joined the motion-picture industry five years ago when she undertook the handling of national publicity for MGM.

Her broadcasting experience includes talks on women's and general topics over national stations.

She is president of the Cine Club, members of which are drawn from women in the motion-picture industry, and she is also chairman of the publicity committee of the Business and Professional Women's Club.

Saide Parker is well known for her publicity work in connection with big charity drives.

Acting in an honorary capacity, she was responsible for publicity for the opening night of Anzac House Appeal, and she has been handling publicity for the British Centre since the inception of the appeal.

Apart from up-to-the-minute news on coming MGM productions, "The Lion's Roar" will feature what movie favorites are doing, saying, wearing, where they're dining, and with whom.

From time to time another exclusive service will be available. Numbers from musical films in production are specially recorded at the Culver City studios and will be forwarded for the entertainment of listeners.

In this way they will have an opportunity to hear musical hits long before they would hear them in the ordinary way.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day, from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 5: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Sept. 6 (from 4.30 to 4.45): The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau Session.
FRIDAY, Sept. 7: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Sept. 8: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competitions, "Melody Fourtunes."
SUNDAY, Sept. 9 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Sept. 10: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From the Services."
TUESDAY, Sept. 11: Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Quiz."

Fashion PATTERNS

F2945

F2946

F2945.—Charming dinner gown with a soft, smooth line. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2946.—Sweet frock for sun-lovers. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide, with ½yd. 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F2947. — Pretty floral frock with soft bows at neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide, with ½yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F2948.—Slim model for matron, with up-to-the-minute smartness. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide, with 2½yds. lace trim. Pattern, 1/7.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"CLEMENCY"

Soft, slim frock for summer wear.

This pretty and unusual frock has been specially fashioned in a Sunlyn crease-resisting crepe rayon in delightful shades of: cherub-pink, blue-sky, golden-maize, island-turquoise, clipper-blue, also white. Design shows a wide shoulder-line, with well-extended finish and short, trim sleeves. Neckline, which is a feature of the frock, is a sweetheart shape, and fluted frill of self material gives width, grace, and a feminine touch to an otherwise simple frock. Buttons from neck to hemline, and slim skirt is shirred at each hipline to add fullness to the front. Back skirt is gored and only slightly flared.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 49/11 (12 coupons); 36, 38 and 40in. bust, 52/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only (with full instructions for making): Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 32/11 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 37/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

★

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491C, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 405F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 135C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

F2948

F2947

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 2312—TWELVE-PIECE LAYETTE FOR INFANT.

Every piece of this delightful layette for baby has been specially designed by specialists in infants' wearing apparel and combines comfort with appearance. Two materials have been chosen, a cream twill lambskin rayon of reputed British make and a lovely rayon crepe-de-chine in pastel pink and white.

Pattern of each garment is clearly traced on material, ready to cut out, make up and embroider, and full instructions are given with each for making. The dainty embroidery motifs are to be worked in pastel shades or in plain white. Individual prices: Size, infants to six months.

Magyar Frock in twill lambskin, 7/11; rayon crepe-de-chine, 8/11 (2 coupons). Postage, 3½d. extra.

Tucked Frock in twill, 8/11; rayon crepe-de-chine, 12/11 (3 coupons). Postage, 3½d. extra.

Delman Nightgown in twill lambskin, 10/3; rayon crepe-de-chine, 13/3 (3 coupons). Postage, 3½d. extra.

Bonnet in twill lambskin, 1/10; rayon crepe-de-chine, 2/8 (1 coupon). Postage, 1½d. extra.

Tucked Nightgown in twill lambskin, 10/3; rayon crepe-de-chine, 12/3 (3 coupons). Postage, 3½d. extra.

Carrying Coat in twill lambskin, 8/11; rayon crepe-de-chine, 12/11 (3 coupons). Postage, 3½d. extra.

Mittens in twill lambskin, 10d.; rayon crepe-de-chine, 11d. (1 coupon). Postage, 1½d. extra.

Fishers and Vest in twill lambskin, 7/11; rayon crepe-de-chine, 11/3 (3 coupons). Postage, 4½d. extra.

Petticoat in twill lambskin, 4/11; rayon crepe-de-chine, 6/6 (2 coupons). Postage, 4½d. extra.

Feeder in twill lambskin, 2/9; rayon crepe-de-chine, 3/3 (1 coupon). Postage, 1½d. extra.

Matinee Jacket in twill lambskin, 4/3; rayon crepe-de-chine, 8/3 (2 coupons). Postage, 4½d. extra.

Booties in twill lambskin, 10d.; rayon crepe-de-chine, 11d. (1 coupon). Postage, 1½d. extra.

Complete Set of Twelve Pieces in twill lambskin, £3/7/6; rayon crepe-de-chine, £4/11/11 (33 coupons). Postage, 1/8½ extra.

Paper pattern of this layette is available from our Mothercraft Service Bureau, 4th Floor, Scottish House, Bridge Street, Sydney.

★ PLEASE NOTE! — To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children, state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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Wasbies arrive in time for big job in Burma

WASBIES gather in the lounge for a party to celebrate two birthdays during the voyage from Australia to Bombay.

LUGGAGE LABELLED appropriately, Vee Beech, formerly with the Ministry for Postwar Reconstruction in Sydney, waits for transport when the ship berths.

Recruited to help fighting troops, they'll now serve with occupation armies

By MAUREEN BYRNE
Who was one of our staff photographers before joining Wasbies

When the Wasbies — Women's Auxiliary Service (Burma)—were recruited in Australia by Captain Lee Massey a few months back it looked as if the war with Japan would last a long time.

We arrived in Burma practically as Japan surrendered, but are told that our services will be needed for a good while with the occupation armies of South-east Asia Command.

THERE was wild excitement when the ship reached Bombay.

Our ranks were recruited from evacuees of the Far East, and there were some reunions right away.

Margaret Tilly was given permission to stay in Bombay for a few days with her brother. Phyllis White was given a letter from her husband, and told he would meet her in Calcutta, which he did.

The commandant, Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Taylor, was there to meet us with her adjutant, Captain Joan Griffin.

Within an hour of docking we were in trucks on our way to the station. We had 15 minutes to find compartments and get a meal at the station restaurant. We did it with two minutes to spare.

We were issued with three bottles of cold boiled water each, a bottle of lemon juice, an Army blanket, and enough concentrated rations to last the trip to Calcutta.

Each pack contained a small packet of cigarettes, slab of chewing gum, biscuits, soup cubes, soft drink powder, cheese, tinned ham and eggs, a fruit bar, and concentrated chocolate.

On the train we received our pay-books. Pay for privates is 100 rupees a month (£10 Australian). Costs are high in India and Burma, so we do not expect to be rich.

There were six girls to each compartment of five bunks.

Vee Beech and I lost the toss, and had to sleep sharing a top bunk.

Everyone was tired and slept like a log for five minutes; then lay awake as the train was so bumpy.

The carriage was full of dust, and we tossed to see who would use the bathroom first.

Muriel Meffan, of Coogee, lost, which meant she had to wash first, and by the time the last of us washed, Muriel was covered in dust all over again.

When we reached Calcutta we spent a few days at a station about 15 miles away.

It is a camp for members of women's services passing through Calcutta to and from Burma.

On the second night in Calcutta we were invited to the Anzac Club for a party.

It was strange to find everyone making such a fuss of us. We weren't exactly Australian girls, but we had acquired a lot of Australian habits and ways during our stay "down under."

So we were able to give the R.A.A.F. boys who flocked to the club that night a good idea of how things were at home.

They asked us questions for four solid hours.

Then the boys took us to the Cathay Restaurant, in Chowringhee Road, for a Chinese dinner.

Few of us had ever eaten Chinese food, but our mouths watered when one connoisseur ordered chicken, fried rice, sweet, sour fish all round.

We all voted it the best meal in years until the next day, when five of the girls were confined to bed with stomach disorders.

It was our own fault. We had been told to observe a light diet until we got over the effects of our inoculations.

Our next stop is Shillong, in Upper Assam, where we are to get our uniforms, be taught to drive a truck, and given detailed instruction about our duties.

We're all thrilled about our job.

On the ship coming over we got to know one another as well as having a lot of fun.

We had a concert which promised well for some amateur entertaining among our group.

Frankie Cooley was the moving force. Her husband was a prisoner in Malaya. She did veterinary work in Australia and lived at Edgecliff.

Everyone did well in the show, but I think the honors went to Audrey Batchford for her two solos. (Audrey was training to be a nurse in Melbourne before she joined the Wasbies.)

She didn't know the mood of the audience when the curtain went up, so chose two solos poles apart—"Ave Maria," and "Ragtime Cowboy Joe."

PAY-BOOKS being made out during the train journey to Calcutta. Captain Joan Griffin (seated) and June Caldwell. Wasbie privates receive 100 rupees (£10 Australian) a month.

WATCHING OUT for the Indian coast. L. to r.: Kay Glendenning, Strathfield, N.S.W., her sister Beau, and Nora Byrne. The girls got to know one another on board.

BALLET ROUTINE being rehearsed by (l. to r.) Winnie Ingram, Muriel Meffan, Judy O'Grady, Dot Craig, and Frankie Cooley for the show they gave during the trip.

Homecoming

FOR some of us this is a homecoming. Although we are in uniform and on duty with the Army we can soon see our beloved homes.

It is now more than three years since we had to leave them before the advancing horror of Japanese invasion.

Many lost the fruits of a lifetime's work and escaped with only a change of clothes and whatever loose cash was in our purses.

We settled down and found employment in Australia. Australia and Australians were kind—very kind. In four years we came almost to regard ourselves as Australians, but always there was the desire to return to the East and start life anew.

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Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ THUNDER ROCK

THIS is an odd film made in England by Charter Films about three years ago from the play by Robert Ardrey which flopped on Broadway but had a long London run.

Michael Redgrave gives a vigorous portrayal of an anti-fascist journalist who retires to sit out World War II on Thunder Rock, a Great Lakes lighthouse.

During his stay there his imagination conjures up the history of a number of immigrants who were drowned near the lighthouse a century before.

Current British film idol James Mason has a small part, but gives only a faint glimmer of the talent which brought him fame in later pictures.

As a heart-broken feminist who had fled from the gaols of England, Barbara Mullen is brilliant, and a good study is that of Frederick Cooper as a consumptive workman who left the appalling conditions of a Victorian era factory.

Others in the cast of almost unknown players are adequate, but the film on the whole suffers from poor direction.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.

★ THE THIN MAN GOES HOME

THE popular Thin Man trio, William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Asta have been teamed again by MGM for the first time for several years, but the result is disappointing. In a dull story about an espionage ring working for a foreign power there are the inevitable murders solved by the suave Nick Charles (Powell).

What is lacking is the gay camaraderie and the slick sophistication of former pictures between Powell and Miss Loy. Also the camera has been poorly used in photographing Miss Loy unattractively. Asta is his usual popular self.

In support of the stars, Lucille Watson and Harry Davenport as Powell's parents, Gloria De Haven, Helen Vinson, Leon Ames, Anne Revere, and Donald Meek are adequate, but if The Thin Man series is to continue better stories and direction will be urgently needed. — Capitol; showing.

ODDEST sight of the week was hefty seventy-year-old Charles Coburn in kilts pasting on a beard for the opening scenes in Cronin's "The Green Years," which Metro are producing with new boy star Dean Stockwell.

* * *

SEVERAL producers want to sign Marlene Dietrich to make a picture about her European experiences.

MEET — "Nick Carter"

WORLD-FAMOUS DETECTIVE OF FICTION

You'll enjoy knowing this debonair, dynamic character. You'll like his gay wife, Patricia, too. Join them in their thrilling exploits in tracking down dangerous crooks and gangsters.

A new adventure every week . . . from

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Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

News from the studios

By Cable from
VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood.

MORE news from Hollywood players after the war's end tells of U.S. Navy Lieutenant Henry Fonda receiving the Bronze Star for Pacific duty. Victor Mature hopes to return to films soon after three years and three months of duty with the Navy Coastguards.

Pte. Mickey Rooney is up to his ears preparing a musical comedy for the soldiers in Europe, titled "Okay U.S.A." Rooney is producing and starring in this all GI show.

Warners' star, John Garfield, aims to aid postwar months by touring occupation areas with a group of hand-picked prizefighters to give the boys a change from the usual shows.

* * *

CESAR ROMERO, who has also been in the Navy for three years, makes a screen comeback as a Latin lover in the Fox production "Three Little Girls in Blue."

Captain Sterling Hayden, who gave up his career when he married beautiful Madeleine Carroll, and joined the Merchant Marine, is considering postwar movie offers.

Also, Captain Robert Preston, of the Army, is back after three years overseas.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD studios are split wide open in the strike which is now entering its twenty-third week with half the studio workers in and half out. Picketing and messenger girls draw much attention as many girls parade in beach outfits. One curvaceous messenger was wearing a bright blue bathing suit.

* * *

HATTIE McDANIEL, negro movie actress who won fame in "Gone With the Wind," announced in true Hollywood style that she is divorcing her husband, James Crawford, for mental cruelty.

* * *

THE latest casting news is that Mary Martin will appear in Warners' "Night and Day," the life story of composer Cole Porter. Cary Grant is playing the role of Cole Porter.

* * *

ONE ambitious impresario, Sol Hurok, cabled Winston Churchill the offer of 750,000 dollars for a lecture tour of America.

* * *

METRO have found a picture that Katharine Hepburn has finally okayed for her next venture. Katie says it is a light comedy, titled, "Time For Everything."

* * *

ROBERT CUMMINGS, who speaks Russian fluently, plans to make a Russian film.

* * *

GOSSIP buzzes over Jimmy Durante's gorgeous redheaded companion seen at a restaurant in Las Vegas with him, but the comedian refuses to comment.

* * *

RAY MILLAND'S new picture, which is almost ready for release, titled "Lost Week-End," is said to be the best horror film yet in its realistic portrayal of a degenerating man who is the victim of alcoholism.

* * *

FAT man menace Sydney Greenstreet is seen lunching daily on carrots and lettuce. He announced that his doctor has ordered him to lose 75 pounds of his 280.

* * *

FRANCIS LEDERER is considering a London stage offer to star with Flora Robson in "Man About the House."

* * *

REDHEAD Van Johnson dons the uniform of a U.S. Marine for his role opposite British importation Pat Kirkwood in Metro's "No Leave, No Love." Pat, who was the idol of the London stage, gets a chance in her first American film to sing several songs in the role of a radio star who consoles Johnson for faithless sweetheart.

YACHTING ENTHUSIASTS Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Lauren Bacall, enjoy a rest in the sun on the deck of their sail-boat, Slug Nutty, at Balboa Beach, California, between scenes at Warners.

Stars plan boating as future hobby

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

Hollywood is now planning ahead for the return of leisure-hour hobbies, and many inquiries are being made about the possible purchase of boats, from sea-going yachts to small skiffs.

Many stars who sold their boats during the war because they were considered luxuries now wish they had them for housing purposes.

SCREEN siren Lauren Bacall's favorite costume is blue denim shorts with striped sweater as she studies boat lore under Humphrey Bogart's tutelage.

Lauren is serious about entering the Balboa boat races, and Humphrey promised she could if she mastered the art of handling their sailboat. The Bogarts have a fleet of four boats, a cruiser named Sluggy, a sailboat named Slug Nutty, and two skiffs.

Since marrying Humphrey, Lauren has learned to become an enthusiastic sailor. The couple spend all week-ends on their cabin cruiser.

Sabu, former Indian boy star, and recently a sergeant in the Army Air Corps, told me he is also a sailing enthusiast. "When I visited Australia recently I did some yachting in Sydney, and am now very keen about sailing. I intend to own a boat of my own after the war," said Sabu. Sabu has been released from the Air Corps, where he was a ball-turret gunner. He had completed 48 missions and had been decorated four times. He spent the last few days of his leave boating on Lake Arrowhead.

Pretty little June Allyson is expected to develop an interest in yachting in the future now that she has married Dick Powell.

For years, Dick has been one of the keenest enthusiasts, and has owned his own large yacht.

After their wedding on August 20, Dick and June fooled their friends by spending their honeymoon on the yacht, after everyone had expected them to settle straight away in an apartment in fashionable Bel Air.

Errol Flynn's new cruiser is named Little Sirocco, in memory of his former ship, Sirocco, which Flynn turned over to the Coastguard at the beginning of the war. Errol keeps it south of the border of Mexico coast, where he fishes and travels between pictures.

Frank Morgan for years has been one of the most ardent yachtsmen in Hollywood. Wearing a sailor's cap and amateur yachtsman's uniform, Morgan is quite a personality at the beach, where he chats with the other owners and fishermen.

Van Johnson's army of bobby-sox admirers would have difficulty in recognising their red-headed idol in grubby overalls and with grease-covered face as he tinkers with the engine of his small fishing smack.

It's Van's idea of relaxation on his days off from the studio to spend his time at the beach on his boat.

Another boating enthusiast is frail-looking Nina Foch, whose startled face has appeared in many horror films.

Currently appearing in Columbia's "Woman in Red," Nina relaxes week-ends aboard her 38ft. ketch. "I love boats, but what is more important I feel I have solved my housing problem. I am living at a friend's apartment at present, but hope to move my luggage to my boat and live there quite soon," she said.

Trained when young

"MY training in handling and building boats started in my childhood, which was spent on the New England coast. It came in handy when I signed up for pictures and wanted some relaxation from murder mysteries. I bought the hull of a sloop in a junk shop, and built a boat with my own hands. I did all the work myself except for the caulking and scaming, for which I employed a professional boat-builder.

"When the boat was finished an Army man offered me a good price, so I sold it and bought this ketch, which is big enough for real travelling, and sleeps two aboard."

This sea-loving damsel does not spend her time between scenes lolling in her dressing-room; she can usually be found in a corner of the set practising sailors' knots.

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R.N. fliers tossed to be first to bomb Japan

MURAL IN WARDROOM of H.M.S. Formidable is background for this picture of (from left) Sub-Lieuts. R. T. Gluding (N.Z.), F. Moores (England), and Captain D. Fitzhardinge, A.I.F. (Aust.).

VICTORY TOAST. Fleet Air Arm Sub-Lieuts. (from left) D. Lovell, C. Cartledge, P. Stapleton, A. Ewins, and G. Smith at the bar on board H.M.S. Formidable.

British carriers back in port, sea-stained and triumphant

By BETTY NESBIT

The boys who flew the first British planes over Japan and her home islands have come back to Sydney with all flags flying.

In the huge aircraft-carriers, H.M.S. Formidable, Implacable, and Victorious, they sailed into port last week. Commanders of two squadrons on Formidable tossed to see which would go into action first in the first attack.

VICE - ADMIRAL SIR PHILIP VIAN, fiery, blue-eyed personality of the Royal Navy, who directed the R.N. aircraft operations against Japan, led the ships down the harbor on board his flagship, Formidable.

The rust-marked funnels and sides and the thick green line of marine growth at the waterline of the carriers and their escort destroyers told of their long sea time.

Although aircraft-carriers have been coming in and out of the harbor since the British Pacific Fleet was based in Sydney early in the year, it was the first time that their arrival had been publicly announced.

For the first time the people of Sydney could look at these warships without pretending they weren't there.

In the guest wardroom of H.M.S. Formidable, just after the carrier had berthed, I talked to some of these men who had flown their planes to make the final attacks on Japan which, with the atomic bomb, spelt the end of the war.

There were Sub-Lieutenant Alan Ewins, 21, of Staffordshire, who's been in the Fleet Air Arm since he was 19, Sub-Lieutenant Peter Stapleton, 22, of Northampton, bomber pilot, and Sub-Lieutenant Gordon Smith, 21, of Leeds.

Over their 10 a.m. mug of orange juice (an old ship's custom) they told me how the commanding officers of the two squadrons of Corsair fighter-bombers, Lieut.-Commander Douglas Parker, D.S.C., and Lieut.-Commander Dickie Bigg-Wither, had tossed to see which squadron would go first on the first British attack on Japan.

"Lieut.-Commander Parker won," said Sub-Lieut. Ewins, who is in his squadron, "and we were pretty proud of the fact that we were the first British planes to fly over Japan."

LANDED SAFELY. Sub-Lieut. Alan Ewins, 21-year-old pilot in the Fleet Air Arm, arrives back on his aircraft-carrier with the wing of his plane badly shot up. (R.N. official photograph.)

"Certainly not the last," interrupted a bomber pilot, Sub-Lieut. Stapleton.

"Stapleton was getting practice for his postwar job," the other two told me. "He's planning to be a pest exterminator."

They weren't kidding, anyhow. When he was training in Florida he met some English people there who have a large business in that line, and he hopes to join them when the war is over.

I liked the story of U.S. and British co-operation that Sub-Lieut. Robert Mullard, of Bath, told me.

A Corsair had been shot up pretty badly, and the plane was taken in escort by an American Hellcat.

This was the message that came over the R.T. in a drawled southern accent.

"I'se found a lone Limey.

"He ain't got no electrics, no radio, no gas, no nothing.

"I'se scein' him home."

Pilots met with little enemy fighter opposition.

One of the gunners, Petty-Officer Frank Smeeton, of Manchester, said he hardly fired his guns, except in strafing.

The atomic bomb was discussed aboard for days.

One of the pilots told me that they had been instructed not to bomb Hiroshima. They realised later that this meant the full extent of the damage could be gauged.

Losses of both planes and men were fairly light. This was due mostly to Air Sea Rescue which, say the boys, did a great job.

Air Sea Rescue worked in co-operation with Allied submarines and aircraft. When a plane was shot down, either the pilot or the pilot in an accompanying plane notified the position.

Air Sea Rescue would then send out a message to either a submarine, destroyer, or amphibious aircraft.

On one occasion two survivors were picked up by an American submarine only a mile and a half from the Japanese shore.

Sub-Lieutenant James Turner, of Dunfermline, Scotland, attached to A.S.R., said that when planes were hit over the target pilots immediately made for the sea, preferring to land on the water and hope to be rescued rather than bail out or make a forced landing and be taken prisoner by the Japanese.

An Australian on board Formidable is Captain David Fitzhardinge, A.I.F., of Perth, formerly of Manly, N.S.W.

SHORE LEAVE ORDERS on notice board are of interest to Sub-Lieut. James Turner, of Dunfermline, Scotland, when H.M.S. Formidable berths in Sydney.

He is the anti-aircraft intelligence officer, seconded to the R.A.A.F. and lent to the Fleet Air Arm.

"Looks like I'll be getting three discharges," he said.

To the Fleet Air Arm boys he is known as "Fritz Flak."

"He gives us the duff-gen on flak," explained one of the pilots.

"He means the dinkum oil," explained Captain Fitzhardinge.

Fully interpreted, it meant that he instructed the pilots as to the areas in which they could expect the heaviest ack-ack fire.

"And when the flak is heavier than was expected and the boys get twitched up, do I hear about it," he said.

Twitched up means "getting it."

My interviews in the cheery little guest wardroom came to a somewhat abrupt end at lunch time.

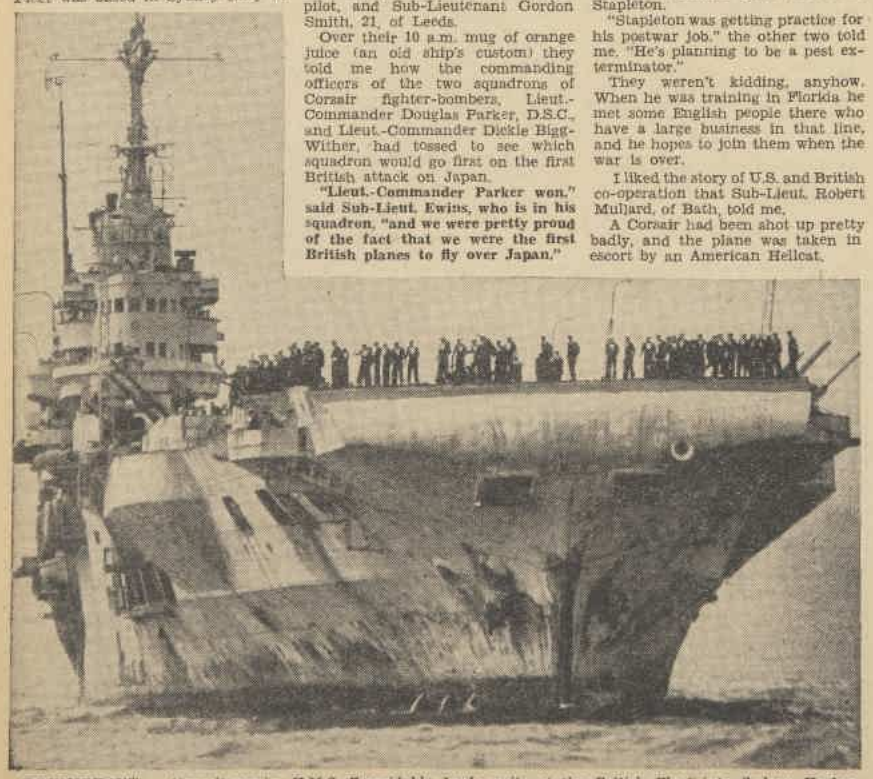
The other journalists and photographers had gone into the officers' mess for lunch. I was waiting to be asked, too.

The helpful young lieutenant in charge of the Press party, blushing madly, explained that as a woman I could not dine in the wardroom, as the Commander did not approve of women in that very masculine domain.

"I could give you a few sandwiches in a cabin," he said placatingly.

It sounded a bit too middle-watchish to me, so I declined and went ashore.

Certainly a man's ship is H.M.S. Formidable.



TRIUMPHANT. Aircraft-carrier H.M.S. Formidable leads units of the British Fleet into Sydney Harbor.

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Movie World

● *LORETTA YOUNG. Lovely glamor star, also known as the "grand young lady" for her serenity and poise, she has been in films since she was five. At thirty-two she successfully combines her career with domesticity. Married for four years to Lieut.-Colonel Tom Lewis, U.S. Army, she has two sons, Christopher, 13 months, and Peter, two months. She also has an adopted daughter, Judy. International made her latest film, "Along Came Jones," in which she co-stars with Gary Cooper.*

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Bowery to Broadway

1 **RIVAL** theatre managers Dugan (Cook) and O'Rourke (Oakie) in 1895 argue over engagement of actress Lilian Russell (Louise Allbritton).

2 **LATER,** Dugan stars Peggy Fleming (Susanna Foster) and Kirbys (Rosemary De Camp and Frank McHugh).

3 **SONGWRITER** Ted Barrie (Turhan Bey) loves Peggy and they marry after she recovers from an accident at the theatre.

4 **PARTNERSHIP** for Dugan and O'Rourke years later results in triumph when they star European actress Marina (Maria Montez).

5 **TIME** passes and the Kirbys train their daughter Bessie Jo (Ann Blyth), hoping for her future stardom on Broadway as a singer in a Ted Barrie operetta.

THEATRE CAVALCADE

A THIRTY - FIVE - YEAR cavalcade of New York show business is the background for Universal's musical with its unusually long cast. Maria Montez has been parted from her sarong and appears as a glamorous stage actress with a stunning wardrobe. In earlier sequences, Susanna Foster appears as the girl with the "Million Dollar Legs," while Louise Allbritton has the role of the glittering fabulous Lilian Russell. Dancer Donald O'Connor, teamed with Peggy Ryan, made this his last picture before joining the U.S. Army. Their scenes include a hilarious burlesque on Edwardian music-hall days.

6 **AFTER** many quarrels the partners decide to star Bessie Jo, also dance team O'Connor and Ryan.

7 **BROADWAY** show proves their greatest success and Marina, who was the secret backer of the show, is as delighted as the two old partners.

You who have so much to treasure . . .

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A Short Show for Albert

HE set a course out ahead of the convoy and wondered whether he could manage for the next thirty minutes. He zoomed her up to the dizzy height of about 400 feet and managed to slobber through a series of amazing manoeuvres that practically broke up the plodding stateliness of the convoy.

Bloated with power, he headed west and left the convoy well behind. Eventually, ignoring the orthodox theories of flight, he pinwheeled into a flock of seagulls, fluttering and squabbling over a swirl of offal and garbage.

"'Ere, now," he pondered. "I wonder who could 'ave dropped all that. Orange peels, halves of lemons, and bits of pertater peels. I ain't seen a 'norange in years!"

He held the helicopter dead over the covey of squawking gulls and considered the matter.

"Pertater peels, yes," he admitted. "You might expect that. But orange and lemon peels . . . and we're going west! And it was orl new. There was even that rainbow stain about it . . . like wot comes from brand-new orange skins. Them seagulls 'ad just found it. Now I wonder . . ."

He was deep in this reflection and churning along a few dozen feet above the water when suddenly he noticed a distinct shark slash through the water. It was there as plain as day. Albert was glad he didn't have to swim about in a place like this. Sharks — and maybe whales that could swallow a chap in one gulp.

The slash was again apparent and he turned off and followed it. After all, it was going his way. No harm in looking it over. A chap can learn something if he keeps his eyes open. He sat over it, and peered down. He never knew sharks could be that size.

"Ought to be a bounty on a thing as big as that," Albert calculated, and inspected the appointments on the instrument board. The magic casement of his imagination creaked a trifle and he added: "I'd like to know what would happen if . . ."

He tried a bank of switches, but nothing startling took place. He studied the control handles and noticed for the first time two small metal levers fitted convenient to his thumb-tips.

Albert pressed one experimentally and the helicopter jerked noticeably. He glanced outside for some explanation and blinked with the realisation that a depth charge had disappeared.

"So that's 'ow you do it," he started to say, but a violent explosion below hunched him in his seat. A great vortex of foamy water slapped the helicopter skyward like a shuttlecock.

"Now I've done it!" he gasped,

Continued from page 7

floundering to get his machine under control. He treadled the pedals and wrestled with the control column until he was circling uncertainly from the eruption. He couldn't, however, resist the temptation of peering out to see what damage had been sustained.

To his astonishment, Albert saw a submarine wallowing and blowing its way to the surface. As he circled again he saw a hole on top of a conning-tower.

And then he saw a swarm of men clambering out of the sub's great gaping hole and moving slowly along the sea-drenched catwalk of the deck.

They'd plenty of time to size him up and get his number, Albert reflected unhappily. It would be just his luck to have the captain a friend of Mister Bacon's, or probably, of the Prime Minister's. Dropping down, he opened the cabin door. Then full of apologies, he kicked the rope-ladder out and motioned the first man to climb aboard.

The man stared at the dangling hemp, and didn't move.

"Come on up!" yelled Albert. Then, when the man didn't move: "I can't 'ear a word you say."

He held the helicopter steady a few feet above the rim of the conning-tower and saw the ladder tighten against the door sill. In a minute a heavily-bearded face appeared over the edge.

"An 'orrible mistake," mumbled Albert, gripping the controls in a spasm of terror and misery.

But the man merely shook his head.

Then at last the idea seeped into the squarish cropped head of Sergeant Nettlebed that he had captured a German submarine.

"Pull that ladder up, will you, Sir?" he stammered, and somehow the German understood, for he clambered aboard willingly and pulled up the rope.

The helicopter clattered away, leaving a wallowing submarine and a bees' nest of survivors clinging to the wreckage. Albert delivered his prisoner — via rope-ladder — to the quarter-deck of H.M.S. Garland, which immediately shot off to capture the prize — in the name of Sergeant Albert Nettlebed!

CORPORAL DAISY DUGDALE didn't hear from Sergeant Nettlebed for several weeks and when a letter did arrive it contained a bewildering and unsatisfactory report of his adventures. Nothing Albert wrote made very much sense, but one night, a short time later, Daisy was nuzzling into the manly shoulder of Flight-Sergeant Whipsnade at the station cinema. The lights were just right—until a special feature short was flashed on the screen.

The corporal sat up suddenly.

The picture presented in gay detail the latest Allied anti-submarine weapon which had been forged in an American aircraft factory. A full reel of the lethal qualities of the helicopter was displayed to the astonished audience. The machine landed with the grace and delicacy of a weary pelican and out stepped — Sergeant Albert Nettlebed! He strode front and centre, twiggled his cap a minute, and then said: "Orl I'm allowed to say, ladies and gentlemen, is that it works!"

All Corporal Dugdale could say was: "Why, that's my Albert! In technicolor, too!"

(Copyright)

Admirals Ain't No Problem

Continued from page 4

DINNER was a very stilted meal. Pev asked, rather stiffly, to be excused straight afterwards. "I had quite a night, sir," he explained. "I need sleep."

"So does your wife." Uncle Walt's tone was sharp. "She had quite a night, too, worrying over you."

Next morning they still weren't right. Pev and Uncle Walt rowed out into the channel, but they didn't stay long and they didn't catch any fish. When they came in, Pev sat on the lawn and stared darkly at the bay. The admiral tramped into the living-room where Judith sat sewing. He looked at her a moment, started to say something, but got only as far as a gentle, "My dear——" Then he cleared his throat, took his soap and towel, and marched on into the kitchen.

Judith went out to Pev, sitting hunched over the beach chair. She said anxiously, "Darling, did you quarrel with Uncle Walt?"

"Well, yes!" Pev's bandaged face was grim. "He got a little too nosy for my dough, and I read him off."

It was too late to tell him about the promotion now.

"Look," she said softly. "Let me give him the real dope, please! After all——"

"No!" Pev snapped. "You keep out of this! You promised!"

Lunny said urgently from the doorway, "Miss Judy, could you come 'ere a minute?"

Lunny had gone back to the kitchen. She faced Judith, hands on her ample hips. "Now, lookee." Her face was stern. "How come all at once we all so G.I. around heah?"

"I—I don't know," Judith said.

"And how come de admiral leavin'?"

"He and Mr. Pev quarrelled," Judith said with dignity. "There's nothing I can do about it." Judith's lips quivered.

"You kin tell him Mr. Pev got dog-bit," Lunny said flatly.

"Who told you?" Judith demanded.

"Lila—Mis Captain Griggses' gal. And you got to do something."

"I can't, Lunny!"

"Wellum," Lunny said darkly, "lessen somebody let de cat outa de bag erbout dat dog. Mr. Pev ain't only don't git to be a S.G., he lakly ain't even a J.G. any more."

"You're crazy, Lunny. Uncle Walt wouldn't do a thing like that just because Pev quarrelled with him."

"Uncle Walt feeling mighty admiralish, Miss Judy. And it ain't on account of dey quarrelled. It on account he think de Navy mens howl at Mr. Pev foh a wolf, and dat he set dat test bombah down at Atlantic City apurpose so's he kin go see his blonde gal friend, and dat his face all swole up 'cause he had a fight wid her!"

"Oh, my stars and red garters!" Judy gasped. "He doesn't think that!"

Lunny nodded. "Yassam, he sho do. And he say dat a man whut'll behave dataway, wid a sweet wife lak you home, don't rate no promotion—brig and bread and watah. You gotta tell him, Miss Judy."

"B-but he'll laugh—and poor Pev can't stand any more laughing!"

"He won't laugh," Lunny said. "Mad-dog bite ain't funny."

"M-mad dog? That dog wasn't mad!"

"Yassam, sho was. Lila say dey phone it in from Atlantic City. It mad all right. Dey shot it dis mawnin'."

Judith stood there with her mouth open. Her tongue felt dry. Voices came from the front lawn — sharp, angry. The admiral was back from his bath.

Please turn to page 33

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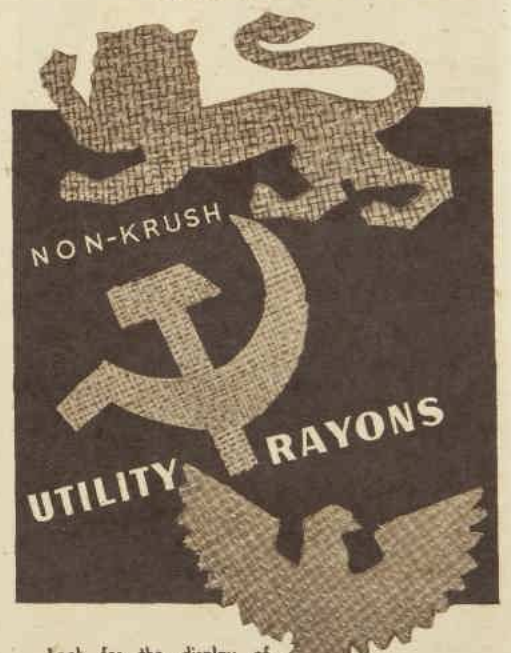

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What's on your mind?

Allow public opinion to decide

WHY should a few people be in a position to ban books and films in a country with a population of approximately seven million.

In a paper recently there was a paragraph on the book "Forever Amber," banning it in Australia. If a person commences a book and doesn't like it or approve of it he or she can leave it. The same applies to films.

When a book or picture is banned the majority of people naturally become curious to find out why. If the book had been allowed here it would have been approved or condemned. I think the banning of books and films is an insult to the intelligence of the people of Australia. Let us select our own reading matter.

£1 to D. Z. Kennedy, "Greylands," 14 Lettie St., Prospect, S.A.

Flowers to aid Red Cross

IT would be a good idea if the caretakers of the parks and gardens sold the flowers. At the end of each year the money could be given to the Red Cross.

This would help a worthy cause and prevent the flowers withering in the gardens.

5/- to Miss Jean Hodson, P.O., Newbridge, N.S.W.

Pramways

STEPS outside public buildings and department stores are a nightmare to mothers with prams.

Why is it that few of these steps are fitted with pram ramps? Couldn't our city council pass a by-law insisting that proprietors of buildings provide this convenience for mothers with prams.

F/Sgt., R.A.A.F., Darwin, N.T.

The peg situation

WHY can't women have a better deal where clothes' pegs are concerned? These essential things can scarcely be purchased anywhere, and on rare occasions when a few can be bought they are rubbish, and a sheer waste of money.

They will not fix clothes on a rope line at all, and barely survive a few washes on a wire line. It is time that this situation was remedied.

5/- to Esther P. Radwan, 213 Lyons St., North Ballarat, Vic.

Film programmes

IT often puzzles me why film companies have not thought of giving a programme of three short story plays instead of one long and often tedious feature picture.

These small features, based on some of the thousands of brilliant stories from every country, although too small to enlarge upon, are more entertaining than some of the repetitive trash now shown. They would be an education and delightful change.

5/- to Miss M. Davies, 60 Burwood Rd., Concord, N.S.W.

Establishing kindergartens

HOW many readers will agree with me that one of the immediate postwar plans of the Education Department should be to establish kindergartens at every State school, where the population warrants it?

This would serve two purposes. Elder children could relieve housewives of the task of taking younger ones to school and the children would gain by continuing at the same school.

5/- to M. E. Fooks, 24 Grey St., Deepdene, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Career woman

I HAVE heard so many people contend that woman's place is in the home in the postwar world that I want to take up the cudgels in her defence. With intelligent management she can successfully run a home and also have a career. A home should be the background, not her whole life. Owing to the lack of men, some women will be denied the privilege of having their own home. The drudgery of a kitchen holds no allure for some, and these women would probably be unfitted for making a home.

If women had taken a more active part in world affairs before this war, perhaps the world would not be in such a state.

5/- to Cpl. F. E. Rose, Victoria Barracks, Melbourne.

Admirals Ain't No Problem

Continued from page 32

PEV was on his feet belligerently when Judith came out on the steps.

"Pev!" she cried. "Pev, darling!" Both men turned to face her. "Th-thank heavens you took the rabies shots right off!"

"Rabies shots?" snapped the admiral. He looked at Pev. "What does she mean, rabies shots?"

"The dog was mad, Uncle Walt!" Judith's voice cracked on the words. "Lunny just told me—it was mad! They shot her this morning . . . Oh, Pev, what if you'd waited—and the bite so near the brain——" The horror of what might have come to him stopped her voice. She had never fainted in her life, and hadn't the faintest intention of doing so now, but her knees, her ankles, her whole legs went buttery, and she slid down on the steps.

The two men reached her in a dual leap, and Pev lifted her in his arms.

He began kissing her as well as he could. "I'm okay, honey. There's nothing to get upset about."

The admiral was glowering at Pev. "So it was a dog, eh?"

"Yes, sir," Pev said.

"Then why didn't you tell me?" the admiral barked.

"I figured a dog bite was a pretty personal matter, sir," Pev said stiffly.

"And also none of my business?"

"Yes, sir." Pev wasn't giving an inch.

The admiral was getting redder by the minute. Lunny eased down the steps with a tray of drinks.

"Dis heah cool you all off," she said.

Judith smothered a giggle. It was no time to laugh, but she couldn't help it. Lunny looked so innocent.

The admiral swung his glower in her direction. "Mrs. Captain Griggses' maid again, I presume?"

"You mean erbout de dog?" Lunny asked blandly. "Yassah, Lila tole me."

"Intelligence could use Lila," the admiral said bitingly. "Lieutenant Drake hasn't even been notified as yet."

Lunny shot him a sly, dark twinkle over the tray. "De Navy notify Mr. Pev in due time," she said, "in de mawnin'."

Manfully, the admiral clung to the last shred of his dignity. "In the morning would have served!"

"Well, nassah, admiral, it wouldn't," Lunny said. "In de mawnin' you be in Washington and we all be in a big mess."

That shot got him, Judith saw. He stopped being admiralish and came down on to the main deck. The G.I. atmosphere was gone. Uncle Walt was with them again.

"She's got something there, my boy." His voice held a warm chuckle. "We were certainly headed for a big mess—both of us." He put his hand on Pev's shoulder hard.

Pev grinned a sheepish grin. "Yes, sir!" he said.

Judith smiled at Lunny, and Lunny beamed and said, "Miss Judith, honey, don't you think it might mebbe be nice effen we have a fambly hamburger broil down on de beach to-night?"

"I think it would be perfect, Lunny," Judith sighed. "Let's."

Uncle Walt lifted his glass. "To our Navy women," he said to Pev softly. "God bless their unregulated souls."

(Copyright)

Isn't she lovely?

Faye Emerson, the beautiful wife of Col. Elliott Roosevelt, is one of the most interesting up-and-coming stars in Hollywood to-day.

She plays a delightful Cora in Warner Bros.' heart-warming romance, "The Very Thought Of You." A film which deals with the problem of the relationship between soldier and civilian.

Two soldiers meet two girls in Pasadena after a long stand in the Aleutians . . . oh, no, I won't tell you more. See this very human film yourself.

So many beautiful women of the stage, the films and society use no other skin cream but Charmosan.

And can you wonder? For it holds within its soft, white, immaculate loveliness precious things that help clear, freshen, youthify, and beautify the skin. It embraces within its fragrant allure precious aids that help defeat the coarse and ageing touch of sun, dust, and winds.

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This house was built for sunshine...

• Enter the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Griffiths, Iona Avenue, Toorak, Melbourne, on a sunny morning and you step into a home of sunny charm.

SUNSHINE filters through spacious windows and glass sunroom, which adjoins living-room. Walls and curtains are magnolia tinted, floors are carpeted in palest lavender. French-grey damask covers chairs.

THIS beautiful staircase leads out of the entrance hall (shown right). Water colors of the home decorate landing wall.

VISTA OF CHARM. This picture was taken from the open doorway of the living-room. Beyond the richly tiled floor of the entrance hall, with its mirror-topped table and wrought-iron furniture, you glimpse the dignified dining-room furnished Regency style. A cherry-red carpet covers the floor. Magnolia curtains drape windows.
Color schemes by interior decorator Reg. Riddell.

BEDROOM OF BEAUTY. Walls and carpet are softest ice-blue. Padded bedhead and covers of mammoth bed are dusky pink satin. Heavy pink also drapes dressing-table and stool. Chaise longue is covered with oyster brocade. Landscape windows feature of this room.

GLIMPSE of the Griffiths home from the terraced garden at rear, replete with swimming pool and barbecue. Landscape windows you see frame magnificent views of Melbourne.

FRONT DOOR to the home. No wall separates garden and the beautifully kept lawns, shrub-studded, from the roadway.

THIS IS THE STUFF TO RELIEVE INDIGESTION

"I suffered with indigestion four months ago. I was bent double with pain and I was afraid to eat or drink. I bought a tin of De Witt's Antacid Powder and took four doses. I can tell you there is nothing better in this world for indigestion. Since I took De Witt's Antacid Powder I have eaten anything, even pastry. I have recommended De Witt's Antacid Powder to other people because I am very thankful for the benefit received." Mr. H. L.

That letter makes you realise De Witt's Antacid Powder is indeed the stuff to relieve digestive troubles. In many cases *one dose* puts paid to after-meal pains, and never again will you be afraid to eat just what you fancy.

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End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

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SPRING SALAD of baby lettuce, tossed in lemon and oil with a hint of spring onion, tartly sweet apple wedges, fragrant pineapple, and white celery curls with jellied lamb and fresh garden peas.

Spring Capers

● The year's at the spring. Now is the time of sunshine and garden color. Now is the time for household manoeuvrings. Get busy, plan new menus, cook perfectly, and serve with artistry.

By OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

OFF with the old and on with the new. No more suet puddings, souffles are in. Delicious little entrees titillate spring appetites. Crisp gay salads trim every menu.

The delicate flavors of tender spring vegetables invoke the artistry of every menu maker.

Strawberries are in, and mint is crisp and fragrant. The promise of summer fruit is warm in the air . . .

SPRING DINNERS

No. 1. Minted Green Pea Soup.
Lamb Curry with Pineapple Dumplings.
Hot Slaw.
Orange and Banana Souffle.
Coffee.

No. 2. Creamed Onion Chowder with Rarebit Sippets.
Jellied Lamb and Green Peas, Minted New Potatoes.
Spring Salad.
Chocolate Peppermint Pie.
Coffee.

MINTED GREEN PEA SOUP

One pound green peas, 1 small onion, 1lb. potatoes, ¼ cup mint leaves, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon butter, green coloring, 1 tablespoon freshly chopped mint, toasted bread sippets.

Wash pods and shell peas. Place peas, sliced onion, and peeled sliced potatoes in saucepan. Add pods and mint leaves loosely tied in muslin. Barely cover with water and add salt, sugar, and vinegar. Cover and cook until vegetables are tender. Remove muslin bag. Rub peas and potato through sieve, adding liquid. Add flour blended with a little cold liquid and bring to boil stirring. Stir in milk and butter. Color a delicate green. Correct seasoning to taste. A squeeze of lemon may be added. Serve steaming hot with finely chopped mint and toasted sippets on each serve. For four to six.

LAMB CURRY WITH PINEAPPLE DUMPLINGS

Two cups chopped cooked lamb (remains of joint or braised neck or breast of lamb, fresh or salted), 1 onion, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 or 2 cloves, 1 apple, 1 banana, 1 cup sultanas, raisins and currants.

For Dumplings: 4 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ cup chopped, drained pineapple, milk, chopped mint.

Slice onion and brown in dripping; add flour and brown, and stir in water. Add salt, curry powder, ginger, brown sugar, cloves, chopped apple, banana, sultanas, raisins and currants.

Simmer a few minutes and add meat. Correct seasoning to taste, and place over low heat. Sift flour, rub in butter, add salt, sugar, and pineapple, and mix to a fairly soft dough with water. Roll into about 8 balls with floured hands. Place on top of the simmering meat mixture. Cover tightly and cook 20 to 30 minutes. Lift dumplings carefully on to hot meat dish, serving curry in the centre. Sprinkle dumplings with mint. Serve all very hot. For four.

ORANGE AND BANANA SOUFFLE

Three-quarters cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, ¼ cup milk, 2 bananas, 2 egg-whites, cinnamon.

Cream sugar, butter, and orange rind. Beat in egg-yolks, stir in flour, and then milk and thinly sliced bananas. Fold in stiffy beaten egg-whites. Bake in greased souffle dish or piedish 1 to 1½ hours in a moderate oven (350deg. F.). Serve hot, plain or with cream or with honey and orange sauce. For four.

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT PIE

Four ounces flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2oz. margarine or other shortening, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, little milk. For filling: 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 egg-yolks. For meringue: 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar, few drops peppermint essence, salted nuts (if available).

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening, and add orange rind and sugar. Mix to a dry dough with beaten egg and milk, and line a small pie-plate or flan ring. Blend the cocoa, sugar, and cornflour with a little cold milk. Beat in the egg-yolks and stir in the remaining milk warmed. Pour into the pastry-case and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) until lightly set, about 30 minutes. Whip the egg-whites and gradually beat in the sugar, whisking to a smooth, thick meringue. Flavor with peppermint essence and pile on the baked chocolate pie. Sprinkle with split nuts if available. Return to slow oven to lightly brown and crisp meringue. For four to six.

JELLIED LAMB AND GREEN PEAS WITH SPRING SALAD

One and a half cups minced lamb (remains of roast joint or boiled neck or breast of lamb), 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon chopped mint, pepper and salt, 1½ cups cooked green peas, 2 cups clear veal or mutton stock, 1 tablespoon gelatine, hard-boiled egg or 3 or 4 strawberries for garnishing jelly, 1 lettuce, about 8 celery curls, 1 large red apple, 4 slices pineapple, little watercress or mustard cress, few spring onions.

Combine lamb, mayonnaise and mint and season to taste. Dissolve the gelatine in heated meat stock, straining through muslin or teacloth. Place a spoonful of stock in bottom of 8 individual moulds and allow to set. Set a sliced strawberry or slice of egg on this and moisten with gelatine and chill. Mix half remaining stock with green peas and half with lamb. Add a layer of green peas in gelatine to each mould, and when firm fill with the lamb mixture. Chill and turn out on platter and arrange salad vegetables and fruits round. Serve also little cold boiled new potatoes tossed in a dressing of lemon juice, salad oil, and finely chopped mint. For four.

CREAMED ONION CHOWDER
(With Rarebit Sippets)

Two pints veal or mutton stock, 1 cup chopped celery, 1lb. onions, pinch grated nutmeg, pinch powdered sage, pepper and salt, 1 pint milk, 1½ tablespoons flour, 2 or 3 slices bread, cup grated cheese, pepper and sage.

Add celery and slice onion to the stock. Season with nutmeg, sage, salt, and pepper. Simmer until the vegetables are tender and the stock partly reduced. Add flour blended with little cold liquid. Bring to boil, stirring. Add milk and correct seasoning to taste. Toast bread lightly and cover with grated cheese and dust with sage. Glaze under griller. Cut into small squares with hot knife. Serve soup and drop rarebit sippets into each dish. Serve very hot. For four.

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A sparkling smile . . . a fresh sweet breath . . . that's the winning combination for a close up, and that's what Listerine Tooth Paste gives you. See for yourself what a quick, thorough cleaning and polishing job this special dental formula does for your teeth.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

CREAMY SPONGES were never part of Army routine. Show off a little and remember for feather lightness beat the egg-whites with sugar first, then the yolks, fold in (not stir) the flour and the liquid must be added hot.

Family favorites win prizes for readers

● These dishes are family dinner successes. Try them at your table and watch your stocks in the culinary field go sky high.

SEND in your latest menu hit to our weekly competition . . .

It may win you the main prize of £1 or one of the consolation prizes that are awarded every week to enterprising readers.

STUFFED LAMB WITH PINEAPPLE

One and a half lb. chopped raw lamb, ½ cup milk, salt, pepper, 1½ cups finely chopped apple, 1 chopped onion, 3 tablespoons fat, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 6 slices pineapple, 4 or 5 tablespoons pineapple syrup.

Mince lamb finely and mix with milk, pepper, and salt. Saute apple and onion in hot fat for 5 minutes and drain carefully. Shape meat into 12 very flat cakes. Place some seasoned apple and onion mixture on six of the cakes and cover with the remaining six. Pinch edges well together so that stuffing will not come out. Place in a shallow pan and grill for 10 minutes, basting several times and turning carefully. Heat a little fat, previously used in pan, add curry powder and pineapple slices, and cook slowly for about 10 minutes, turning several times. Serve a lamb patty on each slice of pineapple, all very hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Uren, Clarence Gardens, S.A.

CHEESE SHAPES

A tasty way to use cheese which has gone dry: Put into a saucepan 2 cups milk, some chopped parsley, pinch salt and cayenne, and about ½lb. minced or grated cheese. Stir over heat till melted, and remove to cool a little. Dissolve 2 level dessertspoons gelatine in ¼ cup hot water, stir into cheese, and pour into small moulds. Serve on lettuce with salad dressing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss W. Foley, "Rawdon," Barton St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

BRAIN AND KIDNEY SAVORIES

One set brains, 2 kidneys, 1 small onion, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, little shortening, chopped parsley.

Cook brains in the usual way. Mince the kidneys and onion. Saute in melted shortening for two or three minutes. Chop the brains, combine with the breadcrumbs, and add to the kidney and onion. Add the chopped parsley and beaten egg. Form into small balls, roll in egg and breadcrumbs. Fry golden brown in hot fat. Serve as savories on cocktail sticks for afternoon teas or late afternoon parties.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Clavin, 17 Boambillee Ave., Vaucluse, N.S.W.

BACON AND EGG TARTS

One cup flour (½ self-raising), 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 teaspoon salt, squeeze lemon juice, 2 or 3 tablespoons cold water, ½lb. bacon rashers, 2 or 3 tomatoes, pepper and salt, about 6 eggs.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in dripping and mix to a dry dough with cold water and lemon juice. Roll to a thin sheet. Cut into rounds to line about 6 fairly large pattytins. Cook bacon rashers and chop. Place a layer of chopped bacon in each pastry-case. Top with sliced tomatoes. A little chopped onion may be added. Break an egg in each shell. Season and top with pastry. Glaze and bake in a hot oven (425deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to L. Crossby, c/o Post Office, Marleston, S.A.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

COPY HER! Lesley Pope, of radio's "Judge Marshall's Family," rolls electric flex like rope, with hands and elbow, when it's not in use. This prevents short circuiting or fire caused through tying or twisting the flex, and thus wearing through the covering.

ACCIDENT with the blue? If you have used too much in the rinsing water, add a little ammonia.

* * *

CAMOUFLAGE your worn bathmats and guest-towels by appliquing felt or material flowers over the worn patches. You'll be surprised at the gay and effective result you'll achieve.

* * *

IF you've added too much salt to soup, place a raw potato in with it. This will absorb the excess salt.

* * *

PIANO keys beginning to look dull and yellow? To keep them white rub over occasionally with a soft cloth moistened with methylated spirit. Polish with dry silk duster.

* * *

MUD-STAINS on your umbrella can be removed by rubbing the fabric with a cloth dipped in methylated spirit.

* * *

I HAVE been told that a little ammonia added to the rinsing water of woollens will make them beautifully soft.

Pigeons taught doctor about 'Vitamins'

Ever since there has been food there have been vitamins, but their existence was merely guessed at. In 1911 a young doctor experimenting with pigeons discovered that they quickly developed neuritis and became paralysed if fed on rice from which the husk had been polished away. On restoring the husk to their diet, they as quickly recovered. The doctor realised that there was some vital element in the crude cereal that was lost in the "polishing." He called this element "Vitamin," and a new word entered the world that was to have great importance.

Since then, the vitamin found so richly in rice and wheat grain has been labelled Vitamin B1. It is this vitamin which is seriously lacking in modern diet, due to machine methods of "refining." Yet Vitamin B is the key to good appetite and digestion, to bowel regularity and nerve force.

For maximum health of the whole body, it is essential to restore the Vitamin B to your daily food—and this is easily done by taking Bemax with your breakfast cereal or milk.

Bemax is a pleasant, flaky tonic food made from pure wheat embryo. It contains enough Vitamin B1 in a single tablespoonful to make up the daily quota which doctors say we all need, as well as Iron, Phosphorus and Manganese. Bemax strengthens the bowel muscles, puts paid to constipation and "nerves," relieves indigestion.

Bemax is obtainable from Chemists and Stores. The 2/6 tin lasts a month.

Send a card for free booklet "Vitamins and Health" to B. Max (Dept. H25), P.O. Box 3679SS, Sydney.

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BOVRIL in war time...

When your grocer says "Sorry, no Bovril," the reason is that wartime conditions have prevented supplies reaching him for some time.

Regular supplies of Bovril are being sent to the troops in all theatres of war and as soon as circumstances permit Bovril will again be available in the shops. If you are fortunate enough to have any Bovril, please make it last as long as possible by using it with the utmost economy.

Bovril is highly concentrated and a very little of it will add a lot of nourishment and flavour to your cooking.

BOVRIL PUTS BEEF INTO YOU

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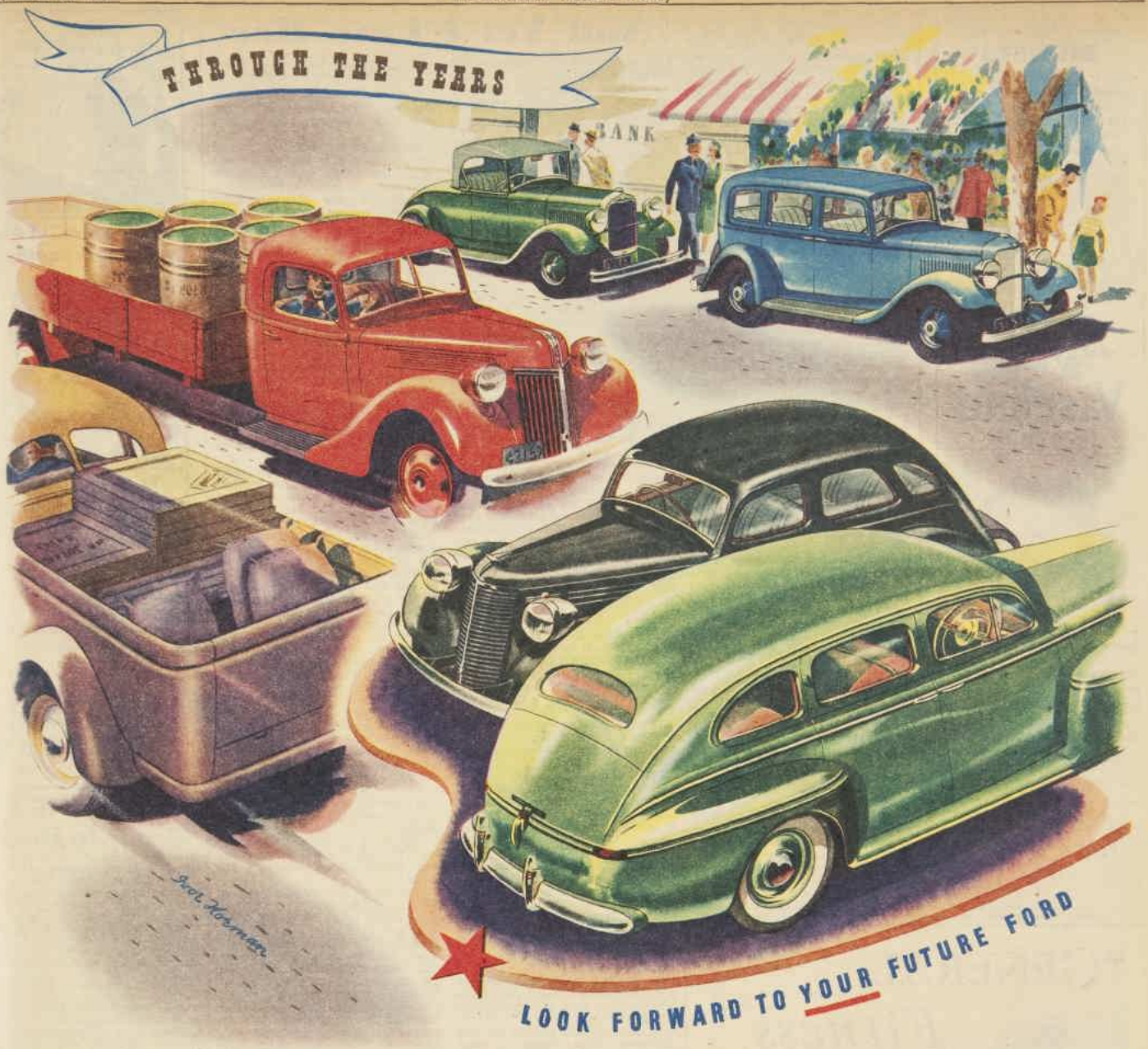

MOST MILES ARE FORD MILES

How many miles of transportation has Ford delivered to the motor users of the world? Ford has built more than 30 million units and at an estimate of even 100,000 miles each, the total obviously would run to a colossal figure. Fascinating as that idea may be, the more important point is that Ford has helped materially in the development and progress of the world — in the pioneering of remote areas and in the provision of reliable vehicles for every human activity. From the earliest utilitarian models to the most recent luxurious cars and high-efficiency trucks, Ford has always produced the vehicles best suited to the world's transportation needs.

This year, Ford-Australia commemorates the 20th anniversary of its establishment — a period of great automotive progress in which Ford has been privileged to serve Australia at peace and at war. Ford products of the future will cover a still wider range of Australia's transport needs — and they will maintain the Ford value-tradition of finest quality at lowest possible cost.

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Here's how to dress
BRUISES

Never neglect bruises or wounds. Apply 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly, then bind the spot gently with thin, clean gauze. Doctors also recommend this treatment for minor burns. 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly soothes the pain and discomfort. It protects against infections which may enter if the skin is broken. And it promotes healing...Always keep 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly near at hand.

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Guard Her Health

Health begins in childhood—and so, often, does constipation. You can keep your children free from constipation with Nyal Figsen, the gentle laxative. Children like Nyal Figsen, it is easy and pleasant to take—can be chewed like a lolly. Nyal Figsen acts mildly yet thoroughly—without pain or discomfort. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/3.

Nyal Figsen

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

And Yet I Love Her

Continued from page 5

NOW Mara could think neither of him, nor of herself. Only of Nancy. Poor little Nancy, half out of her mind with anxiety, torn between husband and child. What had happened to her now? If Phillip was sick, how would he get away, and if they didn't get away, what would happen to them?

Peregrine's voice cut through the silence sharply. "For heaven's sake, don't faint. We'll probably be all right."

"I'm not going to faint. I wasn't thinking of us," she said. "I was thinking about the Deans—Dickie's parents. What on earth will happen to them? I was thinking about Dickie. How on earth can I tell him?"

He laughed shortly. "I'd forgotten the child. You've certainly landed yourself with considerable responsibilities."

"Poor little Nancy. She'll be half out of her mind. Isn't there any way at all we could get a message through to her, Perry, to tell her not to worry. That the child is all right and we'll take care of him?"

He said sarcastically: "What do you want me to do? Try appealing to the Japanese staff's better nature!"

"Surely even the Japanese would have a heart. Over a thing like that."

He said shortly: "I can't waste my time over silly suggestions of that kind. For heaven's sake, be practical. You'll have to come along to Colombo with us, that's all. It's the last thing I want, to be cluttered up in enemy waters with a lot of women and children. But since it's fallen out that way, we must make the best of it."

"But the Deans."

"The Deans, like the rest of us, are in the hands of God," he said. "Now go to bed."

He clattered back up the ladder.

How could she sleep! The cabin was stuffy and hot. Mosquitoes pinged diligently about her net, trying to find a way in to a meal. Dickie lay on his back, his hands thrown up above his head. He looked incredibly young and innocent asleep, hardly more than a baby. How was she going to break the news to him. All that evening he had been excited and gay, dancing round, chanting: "To-morrow I'll see my Mummie again!"

She clung to the few poor comforts that she had. At least both Nancy and Phillip had liked and trusted her. They would know that she would do, for Dickie, everything that possibly could be done.

On the bridge, Peregrine talked for some time with his first officer, making plans. After Sandy had gone to bed, he remained on the bridge, hatless, the wind in his hair. His hard face was oddly elated and triumphant.

Peregrine was not thinking of his ship, for once. He was thinking of revenge. There had come to him in those moments down on the deck a scheme that was completely beautiful and satisfying.

Presently, when he had time for such things, maybe when they were safe in Colombo, he would make love to her again. He would let her think she was everything in the world to him—as she had once deluded him into believing—he would win her heart and enchant her.

And then, when once they were safe back in England, or America, he would be the one to laugh, and go! At the prospect he laughed suddenly, aloud.

Dickie awoke very early. Mara opened her eyes to find him bouncing round, shaking her, saying: "Wake up! Wake up, Mara. It's morning. Can I go ashore and have breakfast in my Mummie's house?"

Best get it over quick. She said as calmly as she could: "I'm afraid not. The captain told me last night we would not be in Rangoon to-day."

THE brightness drained from his face. He looked frightened and said sharply: "Why not? Why can't I go to my Mummie?" His lower lip quivered in a way she found hard to bear. His voice was accusing. "But you did say, Mara . . ."

"I know I did. But it's this horrible war, Dickie. The captain has suddenly been told he has to take his ship to Colombo."

"Will it take two days?"

"I'm afraid," she said reluctantly, "it will take rather more than two days. Listen, it's just as bad for your Mummie. She won't like it either. We've just all got to make the best of it."

If only, she thought desperately, I knew the way to talk to a child!

"I don't want to go to Colombo," said Dickie flatly. He started to bawl. She said desperately: "Well, I don't know what you are going to do about it. The ship has got to go to Colombo, and unless you find a nice whale, like Jonah did . . ."

His tears stopped as if someone had turned off a tap. He clambered into her bunk, and settled himself against her.

"What kind of a whale?" he said, interested. With a sigh of relief, Mara caught at the respite, and launched into a minute description of a most unlikely monster in whose insides there was a self-contained maisonette complete with a cooking stove and a rocking horse.

The tale diverted Dickie all through his washing and dressing, by which time the whale was papered throughout in a tasteful wallpaper with rosebuds and blue ribbon trellis.

"Think what fun!" Mara went on, as he danced along the deck beside her toward the saloon. "We're going to sea. Really out to sea, not just in a river like this."

"And we might be shipwrecked!" cried Dickie, merrily, as she lifted him into his chair at the breakfast table. The captain looked up. He said, grimly: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings . . ." He had already finished his breakfast, and he left them, to Mara's thankfulness. He and Dickie never made a real success of a meal together.

After breakfast Sandy said: "Come away on the deck and watch the lifeboat drill." He looked, Mara noticed, anxious and heavy-eyed, as if he, too, hadn't slept over well. But Peregrine, strangely enough, looked brighter than she had seen him on the whole of the trip.

The boats were swung out by creaking winches, their contents were spread all about the decks. Kegs of water, casks of biscuit. There was something ominous about the business that gave Mara an apprehensive, sinking feeling.

"Oh, look!" cried Dickie, enchanted. "Oh, Mara, look. The dear little chopper! Oh, could I have one?"

She had started explaining to him how imperative it was he did not touch anything, when Peregrine came down the ladder and called her. He seemed, she thought, more friendly, more human than she had yet seen him. He held a paper in his hand.

"I want you to keep a case handy, with necessities for yourself and the child. Also blankets, warm coats. Your money and any medicines you have."

She said, shocked: "You don't mean it's likely."

His face was grim. "We're not going on a pleasure cruise by any means. I wouldn't tell the child. No use frightening him."

She said impulsively, "I'm sorry I have let you in for having to take us along."

There was a little silence. Then he said: "So am I. But not as sorry as I was."

She looked after him, surprised, wondering what he meant by that. All that day those words of his kept coming back to her, and it seemed as if they heralded a vague hope. Perhaps he realised that she wouldn't be where she now was if she had been as selfish and cold-hearted and empty-headed as he had at first thought her.

They reached the open sea after dark. Now a strict blackout had to be observed, the cabins shut and shaded, the portholes closed. The little cabin now resembled a stew-pot, in which Dickie, really peevish for the first time, wailed, kicking off the sheet that covered him.

"Too hot! I'm much too hot. I've gone all sticky, Mara."

He no longer awoke bright and fresh with the dawn. He looked white and heavy-eyed, and didn't want to eat. If he gets ill, thought Mara! There was neither doctor nor medicine, and her knowledge of sick children was absolutely nil.

She confided her troubles to Sandy.

"It's fresh air the laddie's wanting," he said. "I'm feeling the same way myself down there in the cabin."

"Do you think it would matter if we slept out on deck?"

He looked up at the bridge apprehensively, as if afraid the captain's sharp ears might overhear them. Then he said in a half whisper: "I'd just say nothing and try it. He can but send you in again . . . Maybe he'll not notice."

That night she dragged Dickie's mattress out and hid it tactfully behind the hatch, placing her own beside it. Peregrine hardly ever came down from the bridge now they were reaching the open sea. There was always the chance he would not see them there.

Please turn to page 43

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

Yes, it's a sound scheme!

Maclean your teeth every morning and every night . . . that's the way to make and keep your teeth sparkling white. Macleans Toothpaste has a most pleasant flavour . . . it tones up the gums and leaves the mouth clean and refreshed.

1/1½ and 1/7½ per tube

MACLEANS TOOTH PASTE
"British to the teeth"

FEELING "Ready to Drop"?

Even the extra strain of war-time living, of personal anxieties and long hours of work, should not exhaust your energy or destroy your joy of living. Your resources should be almost inexhaustible if only you can rebuild your normal powers of recuperation. One sip of WINCARNIS, the "No-Waiting Tonic" makes you feel brighter, more alert—vigorous and alive. A few more glasses put that sparkle in your eye, spring in your step, pep into your body. WINCARNIS has this wonderful effect because its rich, choice full-blooded wine content is supercharged with two vital, nourishing vitamins. It brings new strength to your brain and nerves. A long course is not necessary. You may safely take and enjoy WINCARNIS—its value is proved by the 26,000 recommendations received from medical men. Obtainable from all chemists.

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(If you occasionally have difficulty in securing your tin, remember, Red Cross needs it, too!)

Face seasonal changes with the confidence of healthful vitality provided by SAUNDERS' MALT & VITAMINISED OIL. Here in palatable form, is a body-builder rich in Amino Proteins and Vitamins A, B, and D. Start the whole family on it now!

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100 GNS. IN PRIZES FOR DRAWING

Fortuna, as depicted by Michael Angelo in one of his earliest drawings before he came to fame.

1st Prize 50 gns. 2nd Prize 25 gns.
3rd Prize 10 gns. 15 Prizes of 1 gn.

CONDITIONS:

1. The above cash prizes will be awarded for the best drawings of the Goddess Fortuna.
2. The drawing should be the student's own conception of the Goddess Fortuna, who was represented by classical poets and sculptors in many varied forms.
3. The competition is open to art students and service men and women under the age of 21.
4. The judges will be Frank Medworth, Esq., Lecturer in Charge, East Sydney Technical College; George Bell, Esq., Lecturer at the National Gallery, Melbourne; Howard Ashton, Esq., President, Royal Art Society. The decision of the majority of the judges is to be final.
5. The winning designs, which may be executed in any drawing medium, to become the property of Fortuna Fabrics Pty. Ltd.
6. The competition closes November 30th, 1945. Only entries received up to and on this date eligible.
7. Results will be published in the morning dailies in each State on 15th December, 1945.

Write for an entrance form and facsimile of the above original drawing of the Goddess Fortuna, and details of the various methods of representation by classical poets and sculptors to—Fergus Canny Pty. Ltd., 11c Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2½d. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 271-9 Collins St., Melb., C.1. F6822.

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Don't risk ulceration or an operation! Get quick, permanent relief with Amelia Haworth's Haemorrhoid Treatment. A proven formula. Efficacious in stubborn cases. Many years' successes. Course 12/6, post free, from AMELIA HAWORTH'S, 177 Collins St., Melbourne, and 8A Castlereagh St., Sydney. (Tel. B3871.)

SUCCESS WITH YOUR GLADIOLI

ARRANGED WITH ARTISTRY, as shown above, gladioli can be breathtakingly lovely for home decoration. For mixed arrangements it tops the list.

YOU can't drop a bulb into the ground and expect perfect spikes of gladioli. You must give consideration to location, method and time of planting, selection and treatment of corms for prevention of disease, and control of thrips.

Since gladioli are usually grown for cut flowers, they are lined out in an open plot or grown in rows in the kitchen garden. While the plants thrive in almost any type of soil that is neutral or slightly acid, the best ground to give them is a light to gravelly loam, and the least desirable a heavy, clayey soil which bakes hard in the sun.

Good drainage and full exposure to sun throughout the day are essential, but if the spot chosen includes a windbreak, such as a high hedge, western fence, or a row of trees that will not throw too much shade, they will thrive.

When buying corms be sure to reject any that show sunken yellowish-brown to black circular spots on the outer skin. This is a certain symptom of gladiolus scab, a very serious disease which once introduced is almost impossible to eradicate from the garden.

Corms showing a gummy and very sticky substance (another symptom of scab) should also be rejected.

In our mild climate gladiolus corms can be planted almost the year round in order to ensure a succession of fine spikes from month to month. Those that are sown at a time which enables them to flower in the cooler months (spring and autumn) are invariably best. Hot sun fades their colors, scorches the petals.

Then, again, thrips, which rasp petals and foliage, may cause complete failure.

Any silvering or striping of the foliage early in the season should be regarded as a certain sign that thrips are at work. Thrip control consists of spraying with a mixture of 1 rounded tablespoonful paris green, 2lb. brown sugar, and 3 gallons water.

It pays to peel corms before planting, and to kill with the fingers any thrips that may be seen running about under the skins. When planting, bear in mind that gladioli grow fairly tall, and anchor them well, say, 4in. to 6in. deep.

They need rich soil and ample water during the growing season.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

FOLLOW the advice given in the accompanying article and you'll grow gladioli as well as Ann Sothern, MGM film star, pictured above.

NO HAIR

TO SPOIL YOUR LEGS WHEN YOU USE *NEW* VEET

Perfect grooming is impossible when ugly, useless hair spoils the smooth attractiveness of legs and arms. The way to remove it—the painless, safe, thorough way—is to use new Veet Powder. Simply mix with water and spread over the skin. 2/9 per carton of two packets.

NEW VEET

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NVE.45

Growing Good Teeth —By MEDICO

MRS. WILSON gazed adoringly at her twelve-months-old baby girl. "She has eight teeth, doctor. I do want her to have really good teeth."

"That will depend partly on what she has inherited, partly on the food you had during your pregnancy, and when you were nursing her, and, also, the food she has had."

"I haven't any control over what she has inherited," interrupted Mrs. Wilson, "but I have always followed your advice about diet for us both."

"It depends, too," I continued, "on future care of her general health, especially her feeding, and, of course, caring for the teeth themselves."

"Some people think there is no need to worry about the first teeth; after all, they fall out and new ones come," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Indeed, there is need to worry about them," I answered, "because the way you care for them affects those new teeth which are growing. For healthy gums and strong jaws baby should be taught to chew as soon as she has teeth. Her food during the pre-school years should be very carefully chosen. Milk, meat, fruit and vegetables, cheese, wheatmeal bread and breakfast porridge. The less she knows of sweet foods the better."

"Is that because the permanent teeth will be forming in her gums?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"Yes. Before the first teeth fall out and the child greets the world with a toothless grin, the second teeth have grown and are all ready to put in an appearance.

"And, by the way, help your daughter build up a feeling of confidence in her dentist. It's wise to have a regular inspection to see that all is well with her teeth."

Fight Cold Miseries

INSIDE and OUTSIDE!

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HOW JEAN BECAME A GUNNER'S MATE

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

W.139.1

Catch me scrubbing clothes? Not on your life!

Z.166.1

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And Yet I Love Her

Continued from page 40

IT was quite pleasant out there on the foredeck. The ship's movement kept the air about them cool. As she crept silently into bed, some instinct made Mara fling a protecting arm over Dickie. The ship's bell beat out the hours . . . the faithful watchman in the crow's nest gave his punctual cry . . . "I'm keeping watch. All's well!" Soon she no longer heard them. They merged into her dreams.

Peregrine clattered down the ladder at five o'clock. He stopped dead when he saw the two mattresses there. Then he tiptoed over and stood looking down at the sleeping girl and the child, his face inscrutable. Mara's arm was still flung protectively over the child that was not hers. Her soft hair was spread about the pillow.

Dickie stirred in his sleep and murmured something about a little chopper. For a moment Peregrine stood, as if hesitating, then he went below and called the head serang.

"Tell your men not to scrub decks to-day until seven o'clock," he said. Let them sleep while they could. No one knew what the day would bring forth, or where the coming night would find them.

Life on board became rather grim. A constant watch had to be kept for enemy submarines. Mara stood her turn along with the rest, when Dickie had his afternoon sleep. Peregrine had demurred at first.

"I shan't feel quite such an intruder if you let me help," she said. He had looked at her oddly then and said nothing more.

The meals were hurried and scamped. The cook, who had his own action-station to man, found little time to attend to his galley. But Dickie, strange to say, seemed to thrive on the sketchy meals. The ship carried a good store of fruit and condensed milk, and this appeared to be all he really required.

It was on their second day out at sea that he found the cat. It was a dismal sort of cat, missing half a back leg where it had once been entangled in the engines. Usually it remained below, but lack of food and attention drove it up to the galley and Dickie found it with cries of delight.

"Mara, Mara, Look! A cat with a brake!"

The cat appeared to recognise Dickie for a congenial spirit. From that moment it seldom left them, sleeping at night on Dickie's mattress. There appeared to be some strange bond between Dickie and almost every animal he met, thought Mara. She was kneeling on her mattress, to make sure the cat was safely asleep there, when Peregrine came down.

"Oh dear," she said whimsically, "we hoped you wouldn't notice us! Now I suppose you're going to say: 'All passengers off the foredeck!'"

He stood with his hands behind him, his feet apart. That, she thought, trying not to think of it, was just the way he stood on the bridge as they drove off that dreadful day, six years ago, in New York. He looked worn and tired. Too tired, it seemed, to bother about them, for all he said was: "You can stay there. You're doing no harm."

"Oh, Perry, thank you." And she thought again that he was so much nicer and kinder. It was as if all the old animosity and bitterness had gone.

"We should get to Colombo sometime to-morrow. If we are ever to get there," he said. "But you may as well know—we've had warning that Japanese warships are about. Nice slow, fat, cargo boats make easy targets."

Dickie stirred. He muttered and tossed a little and slept again.

"Is he talking about his mother?"

"No. I think it is about his cat. I'm learning a lot about children," she smiled.

Nobody appeared at breakfast the next morning, and Mara and Dickie found they had the saloon to themselves.

There seemed to be incessant coming and going on the bridge. She tried to comfort herself by telling herself it was because of the thick mist that covered all the sea and blotted out the golden penny of the sun. With engines half shut off, the Star of India glided noiselessly along.

In the almost eerie silence the engine-room telegraph shrilled so suddenly that she jumped. She knew what that signal meant. They were stopping altogether.

Dickie, pleased and full of breakfast, jumped down from his chair.

"Have we got somewhere, Mara? Now, where have we got?" He skipped beside her on to the deck. The mist had lifted suddenly like a curtain whisked away, to show them neatly sandwiched in between two destroyers, Japanese destroyers, their rising sun flags flapping lazily in the soft breeze that was beginning to rise, and had taken away the mist.

Someone hailed them through a megaphone. After a lot of palaver, during which the guns of the two ships were trained square on to them, a boat put out from one destroyer, and three small yellow men in elaborate uniforms came aboard. They went up on to the bridge apparently to parley. A long time passed in which Dickie got tired of watching the ships, and had a game with the cat, and got tired of that, and skipped about saying, "What can we do now, Mara?"

He went off and began tinkering with Sandy's gramophone.

Peregrine came down with the three Japanese, and went over the side and into the boat with two of them. The third remained aboard.

"Where are they taking that man?" demanded Dickie.

"I don't know," said Mara. Her voice was quite steady. Peregrine did not look at her. He sat in the little boat, his face a shade of grey, his eyes straight ahead.

"This gramophone is broken. It won't go," Dickie complained, winding away violently. Mara paid no attention to him. She watched the ladder, anxiously looking for Sandy to come down. Sandy would tell her what was going to happen. The endless morning wore on. Nothing at all happened until noon. Then, unnoticed, a boat drew up alongside, and three more Japanese appeared, slightly larger than the first three. One of them approached Mara, and bowed politely, drawing in his breath with a little hiss.

"Pliz," he said.

Mara put her arm about Dickie. "What do you want?" she asked.

HE bowed again, and bared his teeth in what was meant to be an ingratiating smile.

"Pliz," he said again, and indicated the gangway that had now been lowered. She looked about her wildly. There seemed to be no one to advise her. Where was Sandy? And even as she asked herself the question, she saw another boat departing to the destroyer on the starboard side. In it sat Sandy, and the two officers she had nicknamed Tweedledee and Tweedledum.

By signs she indicated she wanted to go and fetch something from her cabin. The Japanese officer bowed, and hissed genially, and seemed to have no objection. She took her case, packed as Peregrine had commanded, and some blankets, and her woolly coat. Her heart thumped uncomfortably, and there was a cold sick feeling in the pit of her stomach, but there was, too, a queer, hard pride that upheld her and would not let her show she was afraid.

Dickie took the entire situation for granted. When she went out again, he was on deck explaining the works of the gramophone in a lordly manner to the Japanese. They stood by, watching him, tolerantly, obviously amused. And suddenly the unlikely happened. The antique mechanism started up with a sudden jerk. Mara did not know whether she wanted most to laugh or cry. They left the ship to the strains of "Love Will Find a Way," the squeaky tune following them down the gangway and out to sea.

There was a moment of suspense as they embarked. The officers looked askance at Dickie's cat, which he had brought along as a matter of course. And suddenly Mara couldn't bear it any longer, and the thought of separating Dickie from yet another friend was more than she could face. She laid a hand on the nearest Japanese arm, and said, pleadingly: "Oh, please, please let him have his cat. He's so very fond of it."

The Japanese officer looked at her for a moment through half-closed eyes. Then he bared yellow teeth in a grin, and said something to the others.

No more objections were made about the cat. The boat pushed off; moved over the colorless water toward the destroyer.

"Are we shipwrecked?" asked Dickie, interested.

"No, darling. We're just changing ships."

She wondered why the Japs had split their party up. She wondered why she and Dickie had been sent to the same ship as Peregrine and not with the rest of the crew. And then it came to her, that they had probably assumed that it was a family they dealt with. Husband, wife, and child! She smiled wryly.

Peregrine was standing on the deck, his hands behind him, his feet apart. Beside him stood two Japanese, with rifles on which were fixed very large bayonets. She said, very low, standing close beside him: "What will happen now, Perry? What will they do?"

His voice was odd and dead. "You'll see."

At first she did not understand. Then she followed the direction of his eyes, and saw the white spume of the torpedo's tracks across the water. She saw it run, like a long, wicked white snake, straight at the Star's midships. It hit her with a colossal explosion and for a moment the whole ship disappeared in a cloud of white spray. Then, slowly, deliberately, they saw her break asunder, and the two ends buckled and parted. And then they went down, quietly, neatly. Almost as if some giant hand had seized them from below, and pulled them under.

To be continued

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